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THE GEOGRAPHIC

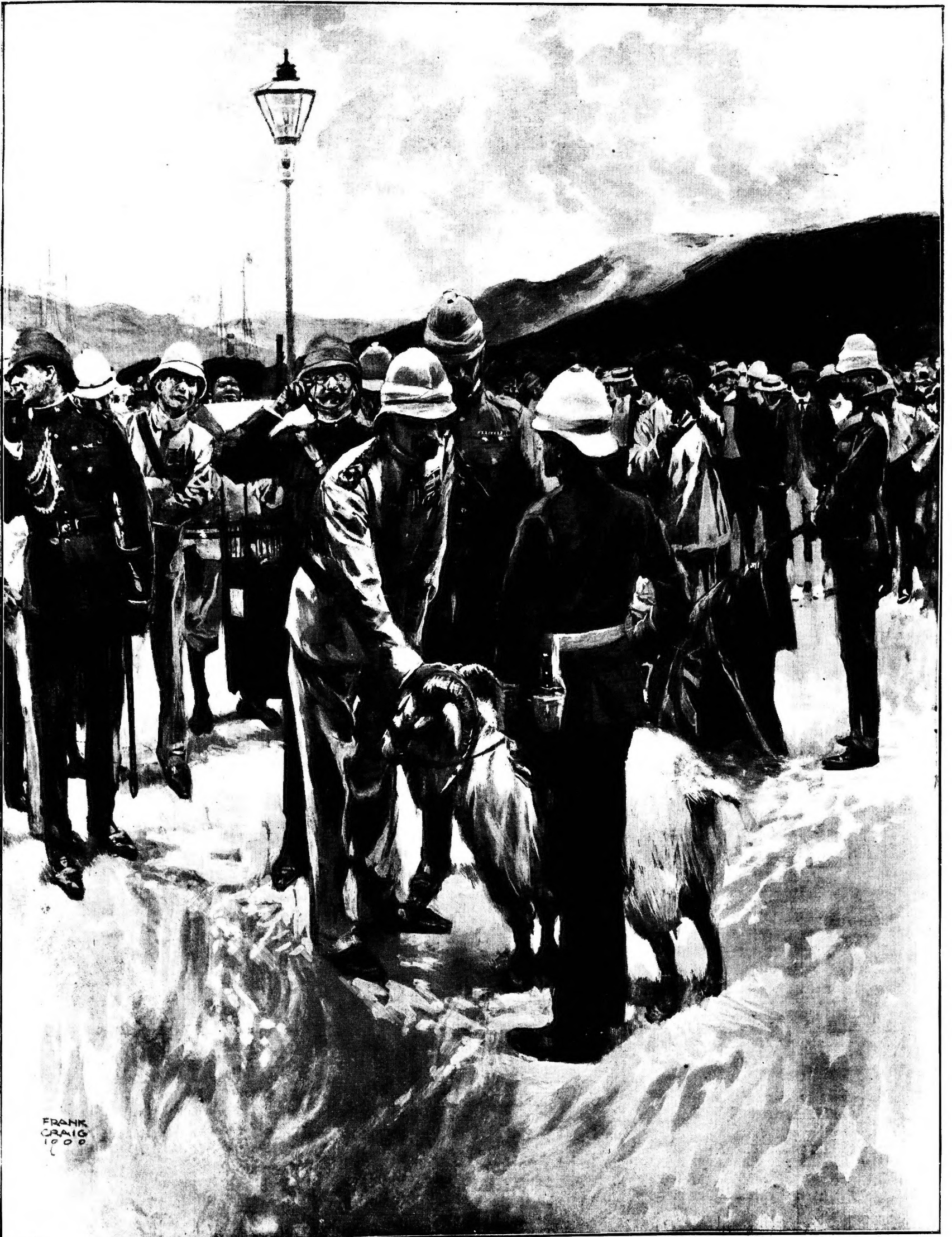
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

Field-Marshal Von Waldersee, in command of the Allies in China, reached Shanghai on the evening of September 21. The *Hertha*, in which he had travelled from Europe, arrived at Wusung at noon, and exchanged salutes with the warships. Landing at the French Bund he was received by a French guard of honour, but on passing into the general settlement was escorted by an imposing International force.

Troops of all nationalities were drawn up in full dress to receive him, and a German naval band saluted him with musical honours. The Field-Marshal was greatly interested in the regimental goat of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who were among the forces drawn up to receive him.

COUNT WALDERSEE'S ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAI

Topics of the Week

The
New
Foreign
Minister

LORD SALISBURY'S famous formula, "Go to Hanotaux," might well be submitted to the consideration of the critics who have lately had so much to say in disparagement of the reconstructed Cabinet. This is essentially one of those questions upon which foreign opinion

is of the highest value, because, in the first place, it touches far more on our foreign relations than on questions of exclusively domestic administration, and, in the second place, we are disposed to look so closely at it that we neglect general principles and effect for microscopic criticism. Now it is eminently gratifying to see that Lord Salisbury's new appointments have been everywhere received on the Continent with approval and even cordiality. It is true that this approval owes much to the dissipation of the apprehension that Mr. Chamberlain was destined to go to the Foreign Office, and hence it is liable to the interpretation that it is not wholly complimentary. This, however, is a conclusion which only an ignorant jingoism would embrace. It is very clear to anyone who is accustomed to study foreign public opinion that the satisfaction expressed abroad is because the new appointments assure Lord Salisbury's supremacy in the Cabinet, and hence a continuance of that policy of moderation and peace which every European Chancellery identifies with his name. This view is justified by the facts. Even if the new Secretaries for Foreign Affairs and War had a freer hand than they are likely to have, their immediately preceding experience would make for a combination of prudence and strength. It is, consequently, altogether false to imagine that the Continental approval of the new appointments implies in any way a belief that they make for the weakness of Great Britain. The chief source of the satisfaction that has been expressed abroad is, however, the knowledge that whatever the talents or defects of Lord Lansdowne, the strings of foreign policy will remain in Lord Salisbury's hands. This conviction is not derived from a close acquaintance with the characters of the two men, but from an accurate knowledge of our constitutional history. There have been very few occasions in English history when the Foreign Minister was a personage likely to have his own way against his Premier. With the exception of Sir Robert Peel's short-lived Cabinet in 1854, when the Duke of Wellington was Foreign Secretary, our Premiers have almost always loomed larger in the domain of foreign policy than the titular custodians of the Foreign portfolio. Who dreams of talking of Lord Dudley's policy in Mr. Canning's Administration of 1827, or of Lord Malmesbury's in the Derby Cabinet of 1852, or of Lord Clarendon's when Palmerston was Premier? Who, too, was the chief English figure at the Berlin Congress—Lord Salisbury, the British Foreign Secretary, or Lord Beaconsfield, the Premier? The instances might be multiplied. The truth is that the British public have judged Lord Lansdowne's appointment in an altogether false light. Roughly speaking, policy, both foreign and domestic, is the business of the Premier; administration is the business of his colleagues. Lord Lansdowne in no way falls below the level of ability, experience, and dignity that has usually distinguished our Foreign Secretaries; and that ability, experience and dignity constitute a clear gain to the Cabinet, since they are acquired in addition to and in no sense in lieu of the great qualities Lord Salisbury has devoted, and will continue to devote, to Foreign Affairs.

Other
Cabinet
Changes

FROM the point of view of home politics the most important feature of the new Cabinet is the appointment of Mr. St. John Brodrick to the War Office. To say that the appointment is an absolutely ideal one would be extravagant praise. But unless an entirely new departure were made by introducing into the Cabinet a man outside the somewhat narrow circle of prominent politicians, it is difficult to see what better choice could have been made. Mr. Brodrick is a comparatively young man, and the ambition of youth has made him a hard worker. When he was Under Secretary at the War Office he earned golden opinions, both on account of his industry in mastering details and on account of the clearness of the many statements he had to present to the House of Commons. In particular he did excellent work in trying to get rid of some of the many useless reports that commanding officers have daily to send in to the great office in Pall Mall, where they are all carefully pigeon-

holed and never afterwards looked at. If he can carry this work alone to a successful conclusion in the next few years the country will have reason to regard his appointment with gratitude. The appointment of Mr. Ritchie to the Home Office is highly satisfactory. Mr. Ritchie has done extremely well at the Board of Trade, showing that he knew how to hold the balance fairly between employer and employed. At the Home Office he will have many questions of a similar character to deal with, and if he approaches them in the same spirit there is every prospect that his tenure of the Home Office will do credit to his party. The shuffling that has taken place in the minor appointments is of comparatively little importance, except to the persons who are shuffled upwards, and to those who hoped for promotion and find that they are passed over. Looking at the new Cabinet as a whole, it cannot be said that it shows any marked difference from the Cabinet that has gone. The Cabinet loses Mr. Goschen, Lord Cross, and Sir Matthew White-Ridley. It gains Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Selborne, who takes charge of the Admiralty. It is hard to say on which side of the ledger the balance lies.

"Heroes
and
Gentle-
men"

RARELY, if ever, has any British Commander-in-Chief bestowed such unstinted eulogy on troops serving in the field as that accorded by Lord Roberts to the splendid forces fighting under him in South Africa. In one fine passage he writes that they "bore themselves like heroes on the battlefield and like gentlemen on all other occasions;" in another he speaks of them as "grand men." Every word of this praise is thoroughly deserved, too; the soldiers have vied with one another in exemplary conduct. All the deeper the pity, therefore, if, on their return home, this record of unblemished behaviour should be smirched and tarnished through the mistaken kindness of their admiring and grateful fellow-countrymen. Lord Roberts, it will be seen, is careful to specify the sort of "treating" he strongly deprecates. It would be a counsel of perfection to demand the rigid exclusion of stimulants from either public or private entertainments; neither hosts nor guests would relish such intemperate temperance as that. But miscellaneous treating in the streets, or in public-houses, stands in a wholly different position, and can only be excused on the ground that the treaters do not perceive the terrible harm which may result. Among the troops many will have to earn their own living, and it cannot fail to be of great profit to bring good characters with them when seeking employment. But what sort of a character would be a conviction in a police-court on a charge of drunkenness, or a disreputable appearance, or other similar testimony of evil habits?

The
Transvaal
Police

THE terms offered for enlistment in the Transvaal Police are so liberal that there must be some hidden cause deterring recruiting, or the ranks of the force would have been filled up on the instant. One plausible hypothesis is that many of the men to whom the offer is presented have made up their minds for a "spree" before they re-engage for any sort of work. That is part of the average soldier's nature; when circumstances happen to have filled his pockets with cash, he can never be happy until the last farthing is spent. That occurred, it will be remembered, when reserved pay was handed over in a lump to Regulars on passing into the Reserve; many who would have otherwise been glad to re-engage for a further period of colour service could not resist the temptation of figuring for a brief while as gentlemen at large. There may be, however, another deterrent to enlistment in the case of the Transvaal Police. The engagement is only for a couple of years; at the end of such period the men will, apparently, find themselves turned adrift. There is no promise of a career, consequently, as in the case of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and it may well be that those to whom the offer is made consider that they would be doing better for themselves by taking the chance of securing private employment. In two years' time that chance will be pretty well at an end, as all the best berths will necessarily be filled long before.

The
Chinese
Court

THE aspect of affairs in China would be quite farcical were there not so much of lurid tragedy peeping out here and there. While the Allied Powers keep on imploring the Empress-Dowager and that *nomini's umbra*, the Emperor, to return to Peking, those illustrious fugitives as persistently reply that they will never come back so long as any foreign troops remain in evidence at the capital. Indeed, so haughty is their attitude that one might even imagine the Powers to be suing for peace instead of the reverse. That, no doubt, is precisely what the astute old lady desires to have believed; the whole art of Chinese statecraft when confronted by desperate circumstances is to "save the face" of the Imperial Court. Field-Marshal von Waldersee seems, too, more than half disposed to humour that design. After the International Commission had convicted and sentenced to death the high officials implicated in the Pao-ting-fu horrors, the German generalissimo hesitated to confirm the award. This extraordinary leniency looks very much as if the Empress-Dowager has made it a governing condition of her return to Peking that forgiveness shall be extended to all grandees who gave effect to her anti-foreigner

fulminations. But it is impossible to believe that the Powers will let these brutal malefactors escape the punishment they so richly deserve. Mere official degradation would be quickly followed by re-instatement, and the Chinese people would remain more convinced than ever that the Imperial little finger is thicker than the bodies of all the barbarian Powers combined.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THINKING in advance has these disadvantages: that your prophecies are not believed when they are published, and are not remembered when they are fulfilled. Many months ago, on various occasions, it was mentioned in this column that Lord Salisbury might abandon the Foreign Office after the General Election, at that Lord Cross and Sir Matthew White-Ridley might retire at the same period from the Government. For the moment Lord Salisbury retains the Premiership, but it is more likely to be a matter of months than of years before he will resign this office.

Lord Lansdowne has not fallen from the clouds. As the nominal head of a branch of the public service which has broken down under a severe strain Lord Lansdowne has to bear the blame. He, however, did not organise the system which has failed, nor has it been in his power to reorganise it. That being so Lord Lansdowne could not have been cast away, whilst, as he is a large owner of land in Ireland, it would have been inexpedient to appoint him to succeed Lord Cadogan as Lord-Lieutenant. Had he been removed to the Admiralty there would have been an outcry. His position, his experience, his manners, and his attainments all qualify him for the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his appointment to that office has been favourably received by those who know him best and who best know the duties which he will have to fulfill. Almost every member of the Diplomatic Service approves of the appointment, for his manners are excellent, and there is reason to believe that he will allow his subordinates to approach him more freely than did his predecessor.

It has surprised many that Mr. Arthur Balfour, who has occasionally acted for Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, did not take the appointment. But Mr. Balfour refuses to leave the House of Commons. As matters now stand he is heir to the Premiership on the Unionist side, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is strong enough to dispossess him of that inheritance. The struggle between these two politicians will be interesting to watch. Mr. Chamberlain is sixty-four years of age, Mr. Balfour is fifty-two.

There are other Ministers whose names are being mentioned as contemplating retirement. The Duke of Devonshire is sixty-seven, is as tired of official life as he was when he entered it, and is unambitious. He could only be called upon to assume the Premiership to avoid deciding on the rival claims of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and he has little desire to attain that high office. The Duke has recently foreshadowed his own retirement. Should he remain in the Cabinet pressure will have been brought to bear to induce him to do so. Lord James of Hereford is seventy-two; he is the oldest member of the Cabinet now that Lord Cross has retired. It is possible that he may contemplate resigning.

"Heroes and Hooligans" would be an excellent title for an article on the disorderly scenes which spoiled the march of the Imperial Volunteers to St. Paul's. The main body of the crew was especially well-behaved, but bands of disorderly boys and girls manœuvred at the back, and, at several points, became the dominating factor. The lines of soldiers and police should be supplemented by strong patrols of the latter at the rear of the crowds to check the disorderly groups.

The matter will have to be carefully considered, and without delay, for not only has the nation recently developed a taste for processions, but there is reason to believe that this new appetite will be frequently gratified in the near future. Whether Lord Roberts accorded an official welcome on his return, or whether he will make a triumphal entry into London later, when many of the regiment are back from the front, has yet to be decided; but a pageant will certainly be provided at some date, which is to be fixed, to mark the close of hostilities in South Africa. That must not be spoiled by such scenes as occurred in the streets of London last week. The best method of preventing the crowd from overflowing into the roadway is that which was adopted at the time of the last Jubilee. Those who saw that procession wondered why so many guns were included in the programme. These were so disposed that wherever an overflow should occur they could be run to the side so as to form a bar, then the police could deal with the comparatively small number of men, women, and children who were found on the roadway.

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LI HUNG CHANG FACE TO FACE.

In

THE GOLDEN PENNY

This week

At the result of an Interview with

LI HUNG CHANG,

By A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER,

Who has communicated it exclusively to this paper.

The young officer having certain credentials, applied quite recently for permission to photograph His Excellency, and, to his surprise, he was well received and had most interesting chats both with Li Hung Chang and his secretaries.

The Court

OUR Court remains in deepest mourning. Following so soon on the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the anxiety respecting the Empress Frederick, the loss of Prince Christian Victor has very deeply affected the Queen, especially as Her Majesty was much attached to her grandson. Still the Queen bears her trouble well, while Princess Christian and her family have shown the highest courage under their great sorrow. Her Majesty has come home from Scotland earlier than intended in order to see her bereaved daughter, who now has her husband and all her family with her. Popular sympathy has gone out warmly to Princess Christian, for none of our Princesses have endeared themselves more to the nation by their untiring good works and kindness to all in sickness and sorrow. Indeed, the letters and messages of condolence from private and public sources have been so numerous that Prince and Princess Christian are unable to acknowledge each individually, but publish a general message of cordial thanks. Even the consolation of having their son's remains brought home is denied to the Prince and Princess, for before leaving for South Africa Prince Christian Victor had asked to be buried with his comrades if he fell in the campaign. His wish is respected, and the Prince's body rests at Pretoria. Memorial Services were held at home on the day of the funeral—alike at Balmoral, Windsor, and London. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, with her children, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their daughters and many neighbours and tenants were the mourners at the Service in Crathie Church. It was a very simple Service, conducted by the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Silbald, with hymns and the anthem, "Blessed are the dead," added to the prayers. The Service at St. George's, Windsor, was more especially intended for the bereaved family, Prince Christian attending with his elder daughter and surviving son. Princess Christian was not equal to being present, so Princess Arlbert remained with her mother. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria came down from town, so did Princess Louise with the two Princesses of Connaught and Prince Arthur, the whole party occupying the Royal Closet. Part of the Burial Service was sung, together with the hymns, "The Saints of God" and "On the Resurrection Morning," and at the close of the Service the Royal mourners spent a short time in the Albert Memorial Chapel before going to Cumberland Lodge to see Princess Christian. The official Memorial Service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where the Duke of Cambridge, representing the Royal Family, and the Ministry, the Diplomatic Body and a large number of Court officials and personal friends attended. Unable to leave his duties in Ireland, the Duke of Connaught was present at a Service held in the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham.

Though serious from the beginning Prince Christian Victor's illness was not considered desperate, and it was only the night before his death that all hope was abandoned. He was unconscious for the most part during the three days preceding his death, only recovering his senses at intervals, and his last moment of consciousness was when he received his last Communion. The Prince had every comfort and care, being tenderly nursed in the Yeomanry Hospital, which stands high on a breezy site, considered the healthiest spot in Pretoria. Lord and Lady Roberts came frequently to see him, Lord Roberts being much attached to the Prince, whom he considered a clever soldier as well as a fine character. Indeed, the Prince was generally beloved, and by none more than the private soldiers, in whom he took most practical interest. All Pretoria went into mourning on his death, flags flew at half-mast, the regimental bands stopped playing, while the whole garrison turned out to render him the last honours. The funeral was a most imposing ceremony. Troops with arms reversed lined the whole route of two miles to the cemetery, and a long procession of cavalry, infantry, and artillery escorted the Prince's remains. The coffin rested on a gun carriage with the Union Jack as pall, on which lay wreaths from the Queen, Princess Christian, Lord Roberts, the King's Royal Rifles—in which the Prince held his first commission—Old Wellingtonians, &c. Behind the coffin came the dead Prince's charger and the mourners, led by Lord Roberts and Prince Francis of Teck, while the eight pall bearers were seven generals, including General Baden-Powell and Surgeon-General Wilson, who attended the Prince. Service was held in the Cathedral, and then the procession moved to the cemetery amid the booming of minute guns. A detachment of the King's Royal Rifles carried the coffin from the cemetery gate to the grave, where three volleys from the Coldstreams and "The Last Post" concluded the ceremony.

Now that the Queen is once more back at Windsor the Court will not be moving again for another five or six weeks, when Her Majesty goes to the Isle of Wight for Christmas. Numerous visitors were to have been entertained, but it is doubtful whether they will come now that the Court is in mourning. None were received during the last few days at Balmoral, and Her Majesty's journey home was kept even more private than usual. The Queen and Princess Beatrice left on Tuesday afternoon, travelled all night with the customary halts for meals, and were at Windsor Castle with breakfast on Wednesday morning. Her Majesty's spring holiday is already being discussed, and, if all goes well, the plan of visiting Portofino will probably be carried out. Possibly the Queen may go to Germany on her way home.

"Many happy returns of the day" was the general wish to the Prince of Wales yesterday (Friday) on his fifty-ninth birthday. All preparations had been made to keep the day with the usual festivities at Sandringham, but, under the circumstances, the anniversary would be observed quite quietly. The Prince and Princess, with Princess Victoria, went down to Sandringham on Saturday, having remained in town for the Prince to attend the banquet given by the Hon. Artillery Company to the members of their corps returned from South Africa with C.I.V. Prince and Princess Christian specially wished the Prince to keep this engagement in spite of the family mourning. The Duke and Duchess of York joined the party later in the week, having returned to town on Saturday from their visit to Lord and Lady Llangattock at the Hendrie, Monmouthshire. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark and the Duke and Duchess of Fife are expected shortly, while Prince George of Greece is over on a brief visit to the Prince and Princess during his holiday from his duties as Governor of Crete. Princess Charles is much stronger, but it is thought advisable for her to be away from the severe cold of a Danish winter.

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TO VISITORS TO LONDON.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-DAY?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."
ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."



FROM KROONSTAD TO CORNHILL: WELCOMING BACK A C.I.V. AT HIS OFFICE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



The Prince of Wales, as Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, presided at the regimental banquet given at the Headquarters, Finsbury, to those members of the regiment who served with the City Imperial Volunteers in South Africa. In

proposing the toast of the evening, "Our Returned Comrades," the Prince said it was especially gratifying to find that they were able to send to South Africa a larger number of trained men than any other Volunteer corps. When the City Imperial Volunteer battalion

was formed 126 were selected from those who volunteered from the Honourable Artillery Company, and there were eighty-three of the regiment among them. Who constituted the admirable battery which did such excellent service under Major McMeekin

"GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE": THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE H.A.C. BANQUET TO MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT WHO SERVED WITH THE C.I.V.

DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Some Chats with the C.I.V.—I.

"DURING the past few days," writes a correspondent, "I have endeavoured to ascertain from officers and men of the C.I.V. expressions of opinion on their recent experiences in South Africa. With one and all I experienced the same difficulty—viz., the objection to figure in print as heroes. Judging from their replies to my questions it would be easier to imagine that the citizen soldiers had returned from a prolonged holiday than from an arduous campaign. 'Oh, we had a splendid time and enjoyed ourselves immensely,' was the usual reply. Questioned regarding hard-hips endured or risks run the answer was always the same: 'We did not go out for a picnic.' Of the many interviews I had I append accounts of three, which are characteristic and represent, as far as I was able to judge, the general feeling of the men":—

"Our tactics and manoeuvres," said one C.I.V. officer to me, "were nothing like what we had been accustomed to as Volunteers in England. In South Africa the great thing we had to impress upon our men was to take cover, and, at a given signal, for every man to drop where he stood. The contour of the country and the general conditions made ordinary tactics out of the question, but our experiences in camp in England had taught us valuable lessons, and the training and examinations we had had as Volunteers at home proved of the utmost value. There was abundant proof for those who in past times have been inclined to sneer at Volunteers and to regard them as mere Saturday-afternoon soldiers of the real value of Volunteers in warfare, and I think the day of cheap criticism has gone for ever. Already the war has had the best possible effect on the Volunteer movement at home, and the strength of some regiments is now half as much again as it was when the C.I.V. sailed for South Africa.

"The first time that I was under fire was at the Zand River, when we had to force a passage under cover of darkness. We succeeded in getting a considerable force over before the Boers knew, but as soon as they became aware of the fact they got a pom-pom on to us. The only evidence of any special feeling on the part of the C.I.V. was that when formed up for attack every man seemed instinctively to brace himself, and curiously enough to put his pipe—sometimes empty—between his lips. Soon we began to hear sounds all around

I also had a chat with one of the C.I.V. Mounted Infantry, who was among the first detachment of the regiment to go out to South Africa. Although but recently recovered from enteric, he seemed in good health and inclined to make light of the hardships of the campaign. "We did not go out for the fun of the thing," he said. "We expected hardships, and were not surprised when we got them. What were my feelings on being under fire for the first time? Well, I'm sure I don't know what they were. Personally, I hadn't time to analyse my feelings on the occasion, and certainly had no opportunity to get into a funk. We sailed from England on January 13, and less than five weeks later were under fire at Jacobsdal. My company was doing scouting work when we had our baptism of fire. The Boers opened fire on us when within seventy yards range, and before we knew where we were we had lost three men and ten horses. All at once we were in the thick of a fight. So sudden was the attack that our bugler, who was holding three horses besides his own, had not time to get under cover until three of his animals had been shot dead. The whole of the company displayed the most wonderful coolness, and our men trotted around as if nothing had happened. With bullets hailing all round us two mounted men rode up to ask permission to dismount. I do not know how we should have felt if we had known what was going to happen, but all I can say is that none of the men I came across even thought of the danger—we simply hadn't time to do so. How many times were we under fire? Well, No. 1 Company was under fire at Jacobsdal, Paardeberg, Ofontein, Poplar Grove, Driefontein, Bloemfontein, Karree Siding, Karree Kloof (where we had the worst month of the campaign, doing outpost work), Brandfort, Vet River, Sand River, Johannesburg, and Pretoria. I think our hottest corner was at Brandfort, where we were opposed by General Delarey and 5,000 men, with twelve guns. In drawing the enemy's fire (nice amusement, I can tell you) we lost a sergeant and a private by two successive shells. Some of us had to take cover behind a small block-house. We had a warm time, with shells whizzing in all directions, and we had to bolt. While doing so my pony struck his foot in a hole and turned somersaults, but somehow I managed to get behind the shelter of a kopje.

"Concerning the transport and commissariat arrangements, I am sure that no one of the C.I.V. has any ground for complaint. If we were short of food, and during the last forty-eight hours' march

into Johannesburg we had only one biscuit per man, we cheerfully put up with it, as we knew the authorities were doing the level best, and, with the exception of a certain hospital, no company, at any rate, cannot complain of having had to endure any unnecessary hardship." I also had a brief chat with a C.I.V. private who acted as galloper at Paardeberg. "While employed on this work," he said, "I frequently had to go down to despatches to the river bed where Cronje was, and once had to carry a proclamation from Lord Roberts to the Boer General. It was about this time that I was first under fire, and became a mounted orderly was conspicuous among the infantry. Even a few minutes I had to get off my horse and lie on my back behind an ant-hill to avoid the bullets. It is extraordinary how little one thinks of danger when under fire. We had no idea of the importance or scope of the fight at Paardeberg until the papers came out from home; then we learnt for the first time that it was one of the decisive engagements of the campaign. I was in action at Brandfort when Sergeant Kingsford and Private Holland were killed. Twenty of us were together, when suddenly a shell burst in front of us. Strangely enough the two who were nearest were unhurt, but the sergeant, who was further away than most of the men, was struck full in the stomach and died in a few minutes. Shortly after, while retiring, Holland was killed instantaneously by a shrapnel shell. I was at the front for more than four months without being under canvas, and went through lots of wet weather. Speaking personally, I think the worst experiences of the war were due to the wet nights on the veldt and the want of sleep. On one occasion I saw my adjutant fall off his horse asleep, and afterwards lie in the pouring rain without being awakened. During the march to Bloemfontein, especially before Paardeberg was reached, we had to march nearly every night, and only brief snatches of sleep were to be had in the daytime. The whole way to Bloemfontein we were on half rations. I can only say that I was extremely pleased with the whole business. We had a fine open life but a rough one. I can only repeat I enjoyed myself immensely, and would gladly, if necessary, go out again to-morrow." Our portraits of C.I.V. are by the following:—Private Poole by W. Bartier, Poplar; and Private Bruce by W. Hay, Elgin.

(To be continued)



PRIVATE MARTIN BRUCE
Died on the way home



PRIVATE F. N. AYLEN
Died on the way home



PRIVATE C. J. G. WESTON
Died off Southampton



PRIVATE PERCY POOLE
Died at Bloemfontein

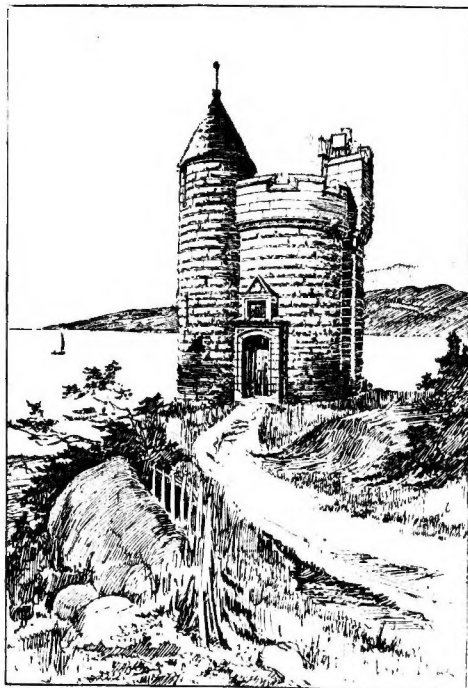
MORE MEMBERS OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS WHO DIED OF ENTERIC

us as of birds humming, but in a few seconds we became quite accustomed to it. Whether merely for the purpose of keeping up our spirits or not, I cannot say, but whenever a bullet came specially near there was more joking and chaffing than usual. But the great thing is to be on the move. We never stopped. A man would fall here or there—but on we went. It is when you have to lie still and be fired at without being able to reply that you have time to think.

"Probably my nastiest experience was at Diamond Hill, where we had to lie for three hours and be made targets of by the enemy. We were held tight all that afternoon and could not advance an inch, but simply had to lie on the slopes of the kopje, exposed to both gun and rifle fire. There was no shelter of any kind, and that afternoon our casualties were thirty-six."

In the course of conversation, we turned to the subject of Boer tactics, of which he said he had a very poor opinion. "It is very easy," he remarked, "to hide behind rocks. No one in England who has not been to South Africa has any idea of the difficulties of the country, where sometimes a position would be fifteen miles in length. We would advance and never see a solitary Boer. They would simply wait behind their kopjes until the first sound of 'Fix bayonets,' then they would be off.

"One of the most exciting incidents of the war that I can remember is the case of Private Gascoigne, of the Cyclists' Section of the C.I.V. He was sent out with despatches from Heilbron to Lindley, and, riding hard all night, he had a tough job to dodge the Boer fires. When day broke he discovered that he had lost his way. Soon he was espied by the enemy, and as he pedalled along for all he was worth he offered a splendid target for the Boers, who galloped after him, firing all the time. Presently, on reaching an up grade, his pursuers caught him. With great presence of mind, Gascoigne secreted his despatch in the hollow of his handle-bar and delivered to the Boers a bogus paper. After being captured he was kept a prisoner for three weeks in De Wet's laager, but eventually managed to get away. When I saw him in Pretoria he was in a pitiable condition, his clothes were in rags, and his feet were practically bare. He wore a long, unkempt beard, and was reduced to skin and bone. When we reached Pretoria we were absolutely in rags, and often the men's breeches were only held together by means of pins. Our boots were good throughout. We went out expecting hardships, but the experience was one of a lifetime, and I would not have missed it for anything."



The erection of the William Black memorial tower, designed by Mr. Leiper, R.S.A., is rapidly proceeding on Duart Point in the Sound of Mull. When completed a light will be placed on the top of the building on the right hand. The memorial light, acting in conjunction with the Lismore Light, is to indicate the route for vessels to and from Oban, as well as vessels coming up or going down the Firth of Lorne. It is expected that the two lights will render this seaway, which is one of the most important on the West of Scotland, more secure. The lighting material will be compressed gas contained in a tank under the light. The light requires no attention, but continues day and night. It is estimated that the cost of the tower is 1,563*l.*, but this may be exceeded. Lord Archibald Campbell is the treasurer, to whom cheques should be sent at Coutts's Bank.

THE WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

"The Graphic" History of the War

ALTHOUGH prolonged beyond all expectation there seems every reason at last for believing that the Boer war has drawn nearly to a close. Certain it is that all the dramatic interest has gone out of it, and the time has now come for one and all to secure some carefully compiled record of its remarkable development. *The Graphic*, as might have been anticipated, is very close in the field, and excellent in every way is the comprehensive volume now issued. It is vividly written, admirably illustrated, and well calculated to bring strongly into relief the many remarkable phases of the campaign. To turn over the pages of the book and note the vivid sketches of Mr. Fripp, Mr. Giles, and more particularly Mr. Maud, is to live once more through the gloomy days of the beginning of the campaign when we read of victories but feel they were defeats, and to remember how our hopes rose with the advent on the scene of the General to whom England owes so much. The many photographs reveal the conditions in which our soldiers—those heroes on the battlefield and gentlemen on other occasions—have fought in a way which pages of description could not accomplish, while the portraits of those who on both sides have fought and too often died for their country or convictions make the record more complete. The book contains a full and graphic narrative of the whole campaign from the pen of Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, while a number of detached chapters deal with those most important incidents of the campaign which stand out in strong relief and are stories in themselves. The sieges of Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking, for example, are described with all their grim details of suffering and privation nobly borne by people who were imprisoned in the towns. Another special chapter is devoted to Lord Roberts' march to Bloemfontein and capture of Cronje, while the work of the Volunteers is dealt with by Colonel Sir Howard Vincent. The much-discussed hospital arrangements are fully described by Sir William Mac Cormac, whose opinion should carry much weight. Both now and in the days to come, when the war is a memory less terrible than at present, one cannot but feel that this volume, which illustrates its incidents so vividly, will be in great request as a pictorial record of the greatest value. ("The Graphic" History of the South African War." Price 5*s.* *The Graphic*, 1901, Strand; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE beautiful pageantry of the new play, *Herod*, has taught us again the charm of mere beauty, the luscious delight of Oriental colouring—and not only the beauty, but the dignity of dress. Can one conceive of a Herod in modern clothes, in the hideous trousering and black coat and chimney-pot hat? Half Herod's impressiveness, his magnificent appearance, the sense of power he conveys is due to the gorgeousness and brilliancy of his dress. One sees the glory of the King, one realises the picturesque poetry of the Eastern monarch. Everywhere glitter, everywhere gold, but subdued, artistic without tawdriness. Miss Jeffries manages her draperies better than any woman on the stage, her every gesture is beautiful, her every pose interesting; in no modern play could she produce the same effect. These Eastern costumes are rich, simple, falling in folds, natural, fraught with dignity and grace and appropriate in each case to their wearers, be they High Priests, Kings, old women, dancing girls, or mournful Queens. A rainbow

frequently, and the comments of the mob should not be pleasant hearing for ladies.

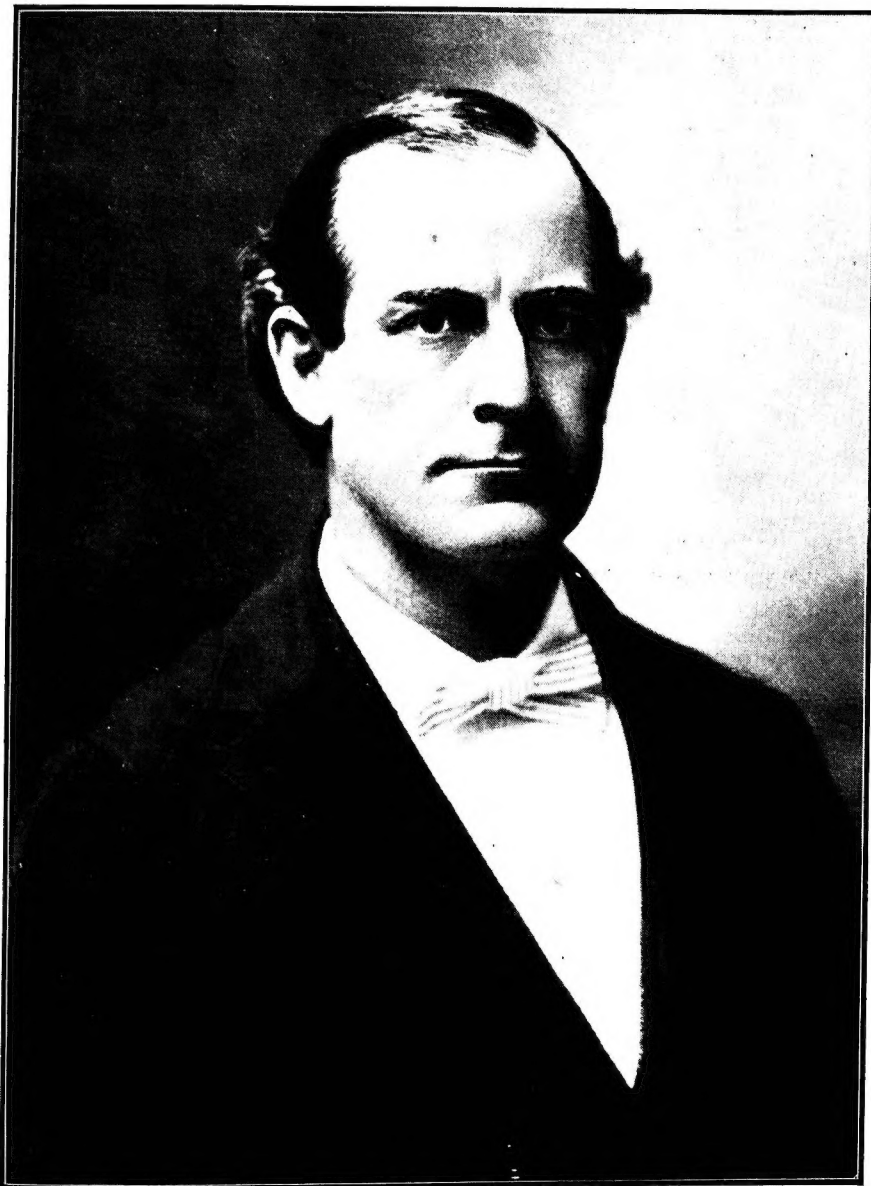
I have hitherto abjured motor-cars. The smell, the noise, the vibration made me pity rather than envy their inmates. To sit on a railway-engine, to be smothered in blacks, and blinded with dust, to be rattled and shaken violently through the air, to be tossed about, and, perhaps, eventually landed in a ditch, did not appear to me exactly the ideal of pleasure. But now a new era has dawned. From America, as usual, comes the newest invention, a steam motor—travelling as quietly as the most luxurious of carriages, with no smell, no jar, no noise, and no vibration, answering to the touch as obediently as a perfectly trained thoroughbred horse, more untiring and swifter. It was a pure delight to speed along the roads in the keen autumn air, imbued with a sense of security and freedom. The machinery of these motors is very delicate, and will probably require further improvements to make it thoroughly practical; but, even at present, for amateurs, for invalids, for dilettantes, these luxuriously cushioned and absolutely comfortable carriages give the greatest amount of pleasure, and promise to be the vehicles of the future.

The constant complaints of the scarcity and badness of servants

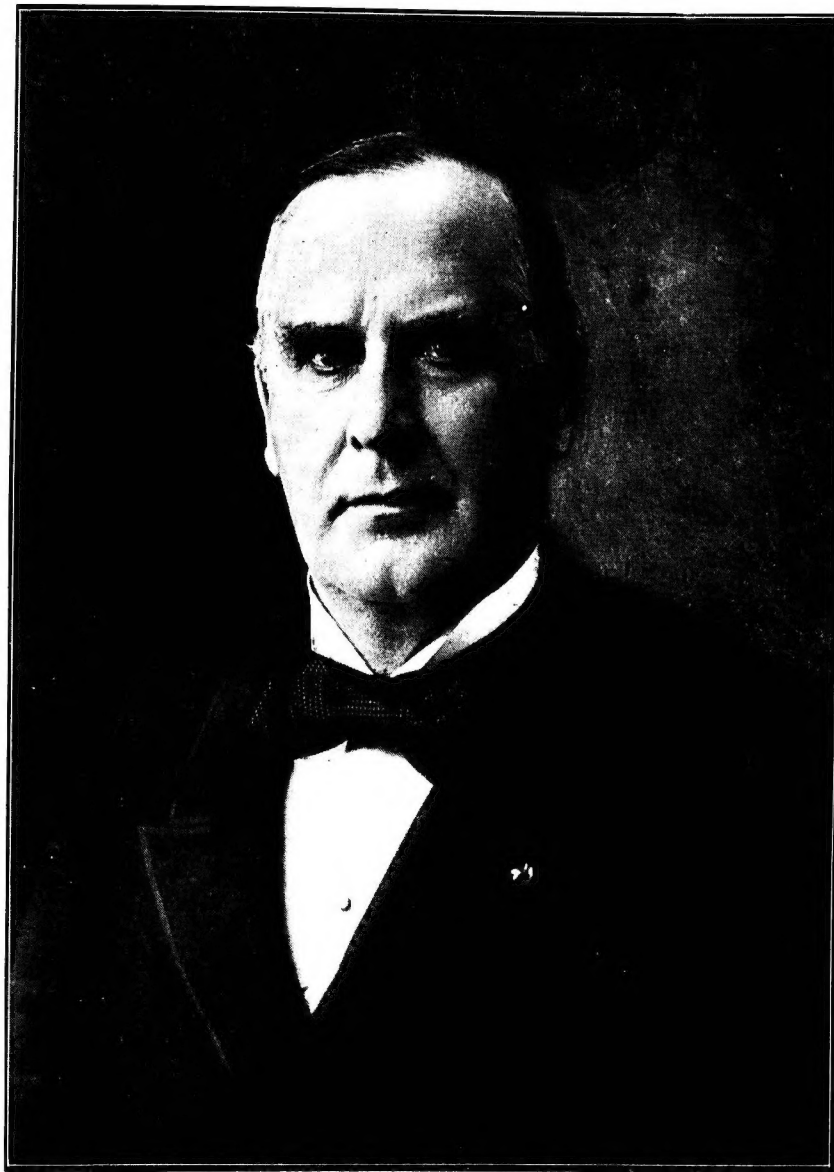
The American Presidential Election

THE contest for the United States Presidency has been fought out on much the same lines as four years since, though this year a new and important "plank" has been introduced into the platform, namely, the "khaki" element. Mr. McKinley has stood for "sound money" and over-sea dependencies; Mr. Bryan for free silver and the evacuation of the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico. The last election was fought and won solely on the question of "free silver" or "sound money." This year has been added the issue with which we are only too familiar this side of the Atlantic, namely, "Imperialism" or "scuttle."

Mr. McKinley, Republican candidate, is a descendant of one of those families of hardy Scotch planters which formed the Protestant "garrison" in Ireland in the eighteenth century. A branch of his family crossed the Atlantic in 1750, and his great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War, and subsequently settled in Ohio. When the Civil War broke out William McKinley was still little more than a boy, having been born in 1844, but he at once enlisted in the army. At the close of the war he returned to Ohio and studied law. In 1868 he was admitted to the Bar, and he established himself at Canton to



MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
From a Photograph by Gassford and Van Brunt, New York



MR. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, REPUBLICAN
WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES

of colour in her first radiant, glittering aspect, Mariamne wears her mourning robes with the sad sorrowfulness befitting them. The sackcloth and ashes, with their lurid symbolism, accentuate grief and intensify its poignancy, and all through the play the eye is charmed, gratified, and impressed with an absolute sense of appropriateness.

It is this sense of appropriateness which, after all, is the essence of beauty, on the necessity for which Ruskin so often insisted, and which is so lamentably absent from modern civilisation. Dress for men is a hideous covering, no more, stamping a loathsome equality on every one. The dress of women again follows fashion, a juggernaut who allows no tampering with his dictates. Extravagance is the note this season. Elaborateness, a straining after grotesque effects, expense, and a riotous use of gold bespeak the up-to-date costume. The poor woman is not in it. No humble dressmaker's fingers can compass the tucks, the stitching, the embroidery, any more than she can bring the time, the patience, and the exquisite intelligence to the task.

In a recent play it has been said that women do not dress for men. Max O'Rell not only promulgates the same theory, now become almost a platitude, but adds to it his expression of horror at their un dress. He compares the appearance of women at the opera to the sight of a Turkish bath, and jeers at our Puritanical England, which permits such things. The indictment is a serious one, especially when the women who dare exhibit themselves so, also spend their leisure in good works. Unfortunately there is much truth in his remarks. Dress nowadays begins too late, even if it does not leave off too soon, and the white shoulders of pretty women are shamelessly unveiled to the rude gaze of the cynical passer-by. A Drawing Room day emphasizes the truth, alas! only too

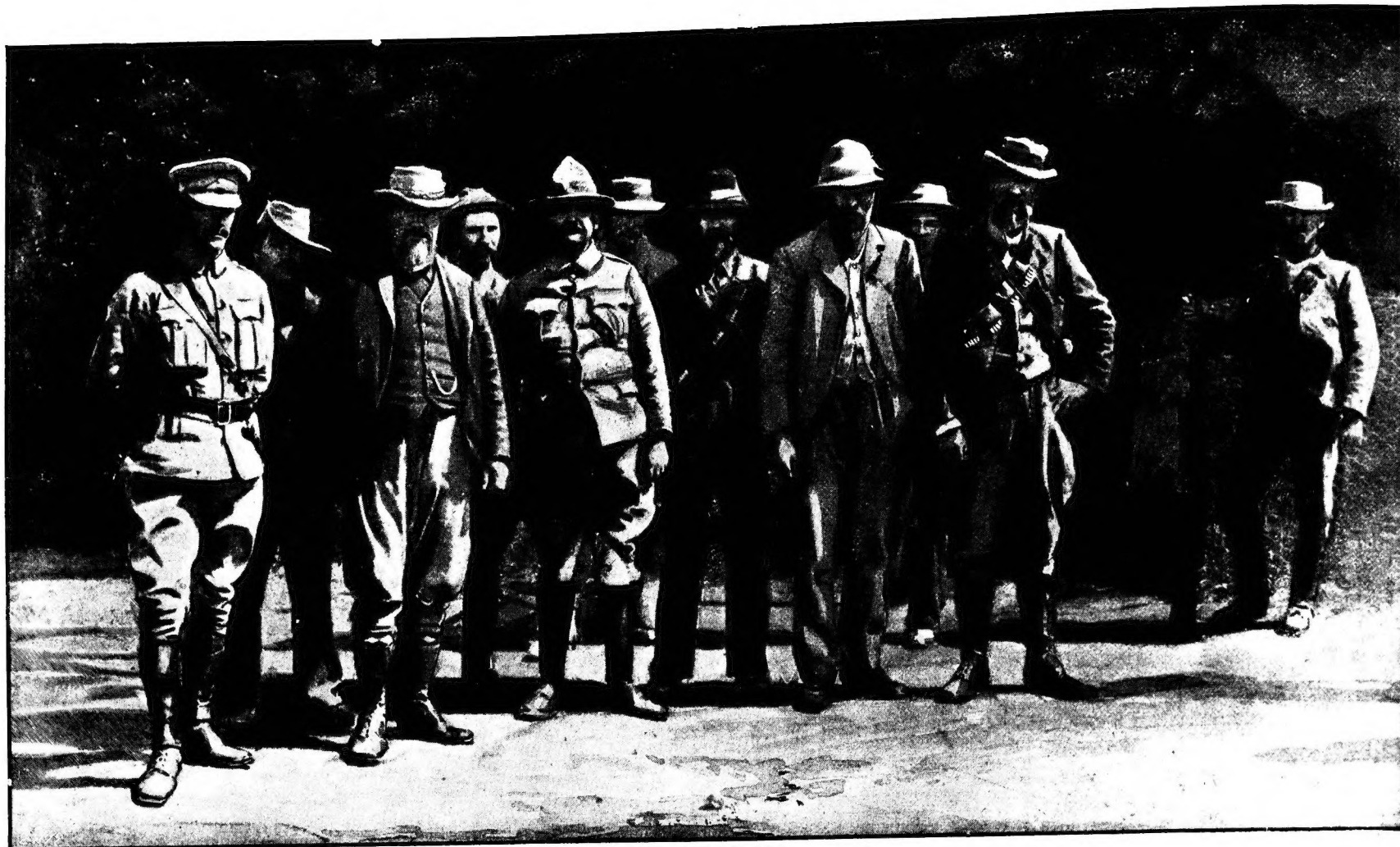
that fill the papers are apt to cause in one a feeling of irritation. The complaint chiefly comes from the small households, who keep only two or three servants. Such mistresses have the remedy in their own hands. Foreign women are excellent, practical housekeepers themselves, English women are not. Therein lies the crux. The English housewives are ignorant and exacting. They can neither do things themselves nor do they know how to teach others. The present tendency to the neglect of domestic duties and to their contempt is at fault. This is not the spirit in which to meet domestic difficulties but rather the spirit in which Mrs. Carlyle baked her first loaf of bread in the dead of the night. Quite the best managed house, served by the smartest and brightest maids I know, is governed by a young lady who never takes trained servants. The first she trained herself, taught them to clean plate, wait at table, and played at dinner parties with the child and her governess till the maids were perfect in their duties. A little trouble of this kind soon makes things go smoothly until the wheels of the domestic machine run without friction.

A sexton's office seems a curious one to be filled by a woman, yet the appointment has been made quite recently in Lincolnshire. The sister of the late sexton was chosen to succeed him, and the post has been in the family for 200 years.

November has begun with a strange warmth and quiet. It would not be possible in our capricious climate to follow the Chinese custom of bringing in winter on a day prescribed by centuries of astronomical calculation. In that curious land "when the *Peking Gazette*," so travellers tell us, "announces that the Emperor has put on his winter hat, all China does likewise, and turns over the chair cushions, exposing their winter side."

practise. One of the leading men of that town was Mr. James A. Saxton, who ran a banking business, and in 1871 the young lawyer married his daughter Ida. Mrs. McKinley was one of the beauties of Ohio, and her father's position gave her a leading place in the society of the State. From that time forward Mr. McKinley's rise was rapid and unbroken. He entered the House of Representatives in 1877, and at once made his mark as a zealous and able Protectionist. For a time he acted as Governor of Ohio. Ultimately he became Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee which framed the tariff measure known as the McKinley Act of 1890—the most rigid piece of Protectionist legislation ever enacted. In 1896 he was nominated for the Presidency. His chances were not bright, for the country was passing through a difficult period of heavy indebtedness and trade depression. He was saved, however, by the extravagances of his opponent, Mr. Bryan, who advocated a Democratic-Populistic platform, of which Socialism and free silver were the chief constituents.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate, as mentioned above, unsuccessfully contested the last Presidential election. He was born at Salem, Marion County, Illinois, in 1860, and entered the Illinois College. He then studied law at the Union College, Chicago, and settled down as a barrister at Jacksonville. Much of his time was, however, devoted to politics, in which he showed a keen interest on the Democratic side. In 1890 he was elected to Congress as an extreme free silver apostle, but he soon lost his seat owing to his uncompromising views. He then passed several years quietly as a lawyer and journalist, but at the Democratic Convention of 1896 he delivered a speech of remarkable eloquence, which at once secured his nomination for the Presidency. During the Spanish War Mr. Bryan volunteered for active service, and was appointed colonel of the Nebraska Volunteers.



Captain De Bertodano General De Wet Lieutenant Beddy Commandant Du Priez Commandant Prinsloo Commandant Nel
 District Commissioner, Kroonstad

Captain Bertodano, District Commissioner of Kroonstad, was sent by Lord Roberts to interview General De Wet, but the mission failed, General De Wet being determined to go on with the war.

A FRUITLESS ERRAND: A CONFERENCE WITH GENERAL DE WET

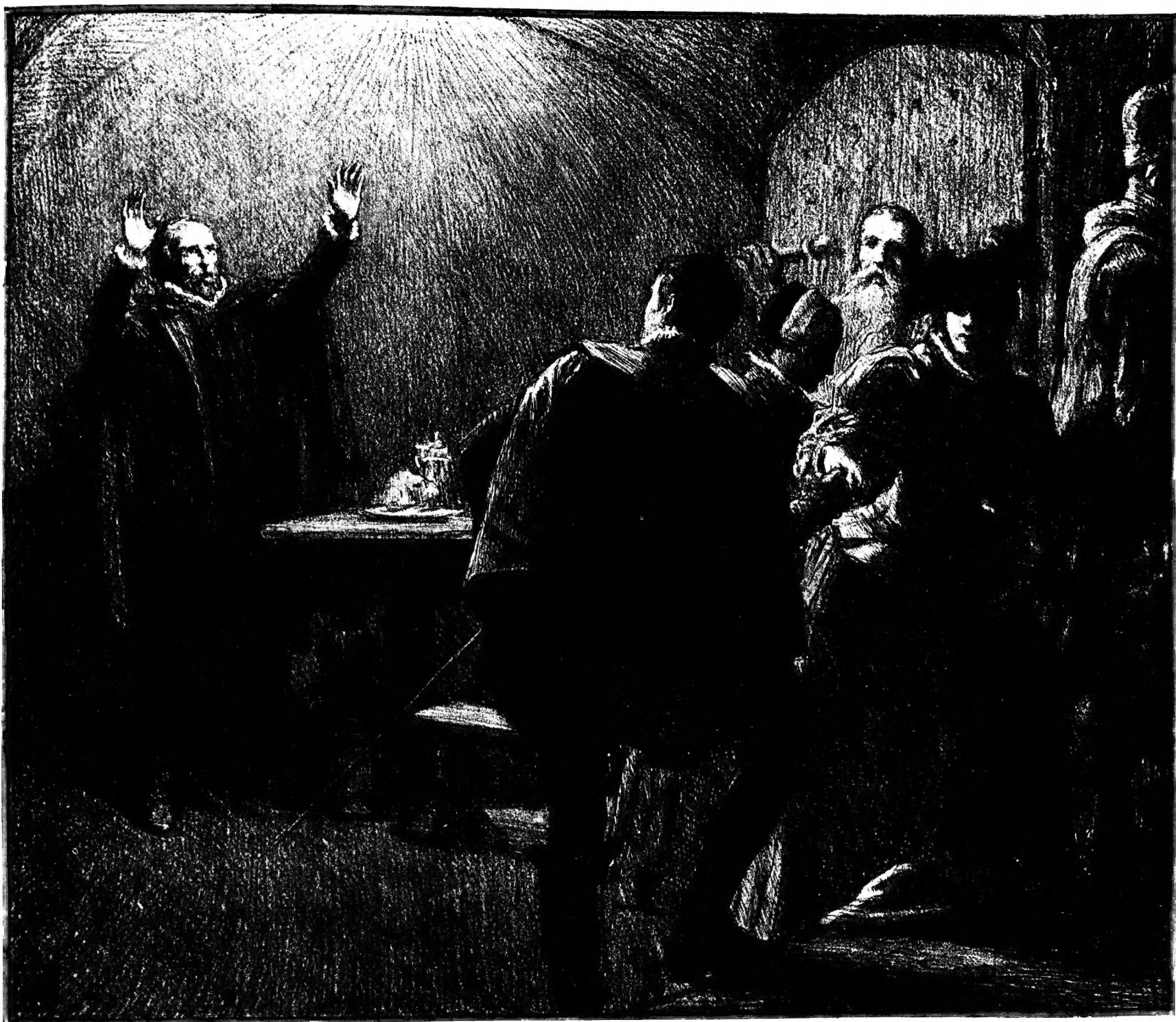


Those members of the C.I.V. who belonged to the London Scottish were entertained to a Welcome Home Halloween Supper at the headquarters of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour was in the chair, and he had on his right the new honorary colonel of the corps, the Duke of Argyll. On the left of Colonel Balfour was Colonel Mackinnon, and on the right of the Duke of Argyll was Captain Greene, of

the C.I.V., late of the London Scottish. The haggis was brought in with the customary honours, the pipers marching in front of it. Conspicuous on the table was the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, which the Corps won at Bisley at the Home District Rifle Meeting.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH WELCOME TO THEIR COMRADES IN THE C.I.V. ON HALLOWE'EN

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



"At the threshold Foy turned to look at Hendrik Brant. He was standing by the table, the light shining full upon his pale face and grizzled head, about which it seemed to cast a halo. Indeed, at that moment, wrapped in his long, dark cloak, his lips moving in prayer, and his arms uplifted to bless them as they went, he might well have been, not a man, but some vision of a saint come back to earth."

LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOTHER'S GIFTS ARE GOOD GIFTS



At a few minutes to eight that morning a small crowd of people had gathered in front of the Witte Poort at Leyden waiting for the gate to be opened. They were of all sorts, but country folk for the most part, returning to their villages leading mules and donkeys slung with empty paniers, and shouting greetings through the bars of the gate to acquaintances who

led in other mules laden with vegetables and provisions. Among these stood some priests, saturnine and silent, bent, doubtless, upon dark business of their own. A squad of Spanish soldiers waited also, the insolence of the master in their eyes; they were marching to some neighbouring city. There, too, appeared Foy van Goorl and Red Martin, who led a pack mule; Foy dressed in the grey jerkin of a merchant, but armed with a sword and mounted on a good mare; Martin riding a Flemish gelding that nowadays would only have been thought fit for the plough, since no lighter-boned beast could carry

his great weight. Among these moved a dapper little man, with sandy whiskers and sly face, asking their business and destination of the various travellers, and under pretence of guarding against the smuggling of forbidden goods, taking count upon his tablets of their merchandise and baggage.

Presently he came to Foy.

"Name?" he said shortly, although he knew him well enough.

"Foy van Goorl and Martin, his father's servant, travelling to The Hague with specimens of brassware, consigned to the correspondents of our firm," answered Foy, indifferently.

"You are very glib," sneered the sandy-whiskered man. "What is the mule laden with? It may be Bibles for all I know."

"Nothing half so valuable, master," replied Foy; "it is a church chandelier in pieces."

"Unpack it and show me the pieces," said the officer.

Foy flushed with anger and set his teeth, but Martin, administering to him a warning nudge in the ribs, submitted with prompt obedience.

It was a long business, for each arm of the chandelier had been carefully wrapped in hay bands, and the official would not pass them until everyone was undone, after which they must be done up again. While the pair of them were engaged upon this tedious and unnecessary task, two fresh travellers arrived at the gate, a long, bony person, clothed in a priest-like garb with a hood that hid the head, and a fierce, dissolute-looking individual of military appearance and armed to the teeth. Catching sight of young Van Goorl and his servant, the long person, who seemed to ride very awkwardly with legs thrust forward, whispered something to the soldier man, and they passed on without question through the gate.

When Foy and Martin followed them twenty minutes later, they were out of sight, for the pair were well mounted and rode hard.

"Did you recognise them?" asked Martin so soon as they were clear of the crowd.

"No," said Foy; "who are they?"

"The papist witch, Black Meg, dressed like a man, and the fellow who came here from The Hague yesterday, whither they are going to report that the Heer Adrian routed them, and that the Brockhovens with the Jufvrouw Elsa got through unsearched."

"What does it all mean, Martin?"

"It means, master, that we shall have a warm welcome yonder; it means that someone guesses we know about this treasure, and that we shan't get the stuff away without trouble."

"Will they waylay us?"

Martin shrugged his shoulders as he answered, "It is always well to be ready, but I think not. Coming back they may waylay us, not going. Our lives are of little use without the money, also they cannot be had for the asking."

Martin was right, for travelling slowly they reached the city without molestation, and, riding to the house of Dirk's correspondent, put up their horses, ate, rested, delivered the sample chandelier, and generally transacted the business which appeared to be the object of their journey. In the course of conversation they learned from their host that things were going very ill here at The Hague for all who were supposed to favour the New Religion. Tortures, burnings, abductions, and murders were of daily occurrence, nor were any brought to judgment for these crimes. Indeed, soldiery, spies, and Government agents were quartered on the citizens, doing what they would, and none dared to lift a hand against them. Hendrik Brant, they heard also, was still at large and carrying on business as usual in his shop, though rumour said that he was a marked man whose time would be short.

Foy announced that they would stay the night, and a little after sunset called to Martin to accompany him, as he wished to walk in the Broad Street to see the sights of the town.

"Be careful, Mynheer Foy," said their host in warning, "for there are many strange characters about, men and women. Oh!

yes, this mere is full of pike, and fresh bait is snapped up sharply."

"We will be wary," replied Foy with the cheerful air of a young man eager for excitement. "Hague pike don't like Leyden perch, you know; they stick in their throats."

"I hope so, I hope so," said the host, "still I pray you be careful. You will remember where to find the horses if you want them; they are fed and I will keep them saddled. Your arrival here is known, and for some reason this house is being watched."

Foy nodded and they started out, Foy going first, and Red Martin, staring round him like a bewildered bumpkin, following at his heel, with his great sword, which was called Silence, girt about his middle, and hidden as much as possible beneath his jerkin.

"I wish you wouldn't look so big, Martin," Foy whispered over his shoulder; "everybody is staring at you and that red beard of yours, which glows like a kitchen fire."

"I can't help it, master," said Martin. "My back aches with stooping as it is, and as for the beard, well, God made it so."

"At least you might dye it," answered Foy; "if it were black you would be less like a beacon on a church tower."

"Another day, master; it is a long business dyeing a beard like mine; I think it would be quicker to cut it off." Then he stopped, for they were in the Broad Street.

Here they found many people moving to and fro, but although the company were so numerous it was difficult to distinguish them, for no moon shone, and the place was lighted only by lanterns set up on poles at long distances from each other. Foy could see, however, that they were for the most part folk of bad character, disreputable women, soldiers of the garrison, half-drunken sailors from every country, and gliding in and out among them all, priests and other observers of events. Before they had been long in the crowd a man stumbled against Foy rudely, at the same time telling him to get out of the path. But although his blood leapt at the insult and his hand went to his sword-hilt, Foy took no notice, for he understood at once that it was sought to involve him in a quarrel. Next a woman accosted him, a gaily dressed woman, but she had no bow upon her shoulder, so Foy merely shook his head and smiled. For the rest of that walk, however, he was aware that this woman was watching him, and with her a man whose figure he could not make out, for he was wrapped in a black cloak.

Thrice did Foy, followed by Martin, thus promenade the right side of the Broad Street, till he was heartily weary of the game indeed, and began to wonder if his cousin Brant's plans had not miscarried.

As he turned for the fourth time his doubts were answered, for he found himself face to face with a small woman who wore upon her shoulder a large red bow, and was followed by another woman, a buxom person dressed in a peasant's cap. The lady with the red bow, making pretence to stumble, precipitated herself with an affected scream right into his arms, and as he caught her whispered, "Are you from Leyden, sweetheart?" "Yes." "Then treat me as I treat you, and follow always where I lead. First make pretence to be rid of me."

As she finished whispering Foy heard a warning stamp from Martin, followed by the footsteps of the pair whom he knew were watching them, which he could distinguish easily, for here at the end of the street there were fewer people. So he began to act as best he could—it was not very well, but his awkwardness gave him a certain air of sincerity.

"No, no," he said, "why should I pay for your supper? Come, be going, my good girl, and leave me and my servant to see the town in peace."

"Oh! Mynheer, let me be your guide, I beg you," answered she of the red bow, clasping her hands and looking up into his face. Just then he heard the first woman who had accosted him speaking to her companion in a loud voice.

"Look," she said, "Red Bow is trying her best. Ah! my dear, do you think that you'll get a supper out of a holy Leyden ranter, or a skin off an eel for the asking?"

"Oh! he isn't such a selfish fish as he looks," answered Red Bow over her shoulder, while her eyes told Foy that it was his turn to play.

So he played to the best of his ability, with the result that ten minutes later any for whom the sight had interest might have observed a yellow-haired young gallant and a black-haired young woman walking down the Broad Street with their arms affectionately disposed around each other's middles. Following them was a huge and lumbering serving man with a beard like fire, who, in a loyal effort to imitate the actions of his master, had hooked a great limb about the neck of Red Bow's stout little attendant, and held her thus in a chancery which, if flattering, must have been uncomfortable. As Martin explained to the poor woman afterwards, it was no fault of his, since in order to reach her waist he must have carried her under his arm.

Foy and his companion chatted merrily enough, if in a somewhat jerky fashion, but Martin attempted no talk. Only as he proceeded he was heard to mutter between his teeth, "Lucky the Pastor Arentz can't see us now. He would never understand, he is so one-sided." So at least Foy declared subsequently in Leyden.

Presently, at a hint from his lady, Foy turned down a side street, as he thought, unobserved, till he heard a mocking voice calling after them, "Good-night, Red Bow; hope you will have a fine supper with your Leyden shopboy."

"Quick," whispered Red Bow, and they turned another corner, then another, and another. Now they walked down narrow streets, ill-kept and unsavoury, with sharp pitched roofs, gabled and overhanging so much that here and there they seemed almost to meet, leaving but a narrow ribbon of star-specked sky winding above their heads. Evidently it was a low quarter of the town and a malodorous quarter, for the canals, spanned by picturesque and high-arched bridges, were everywhere, and at this summer season the water in them was low, rotten, and almost still.

At length Red Bow halted and knocked upon a small recessed door, which instantly was opened by a man who bore no light.

"Come in," he whispered, and all four of them passed into a darksome passage. "Quick, quick," said the man, "I hear footsteps."

Foy heard them also echoing down the empty street, and as the door closed it seemed to him that they stopped in the deep shadow of the houses. Then, holding each other by the hand, they crept along the black passages and downstairs till at length they saw

light shining through the crevices of an ill-fitting door. It opened mysteriously at their approach, and when they had all entered shut behind them.

Foy uttered a sigh of relief for he was weary of this long flight, and looked round him to discover that they were in a large window- and less cellar, well furnished, after a fashion, by oak benches and a table set out with cold meats and flagons of wine. At the foot of this table stood a middle-aged man, prematurely grey, and with a face worn as though by constant care.

"Welcome, Foy van Goorl," said the man in a gentle voice. "Many years have passed since last we met; still I should have known you anywhere, though I think you would not have known me."

Foy looked at him and shook his head.

"I thought so," went on the man with a smile. "Well, I am Hendrik Brant, your cousin, once the burgomaster of The Hague and its richest citizen, but to-day a hunted rat who must receive his guests in secret cellars. Tell me now, did my daughter, Elsa, reach your good father's house in safety, and is she well?"

So Foy told him all that story.

"As I thought, as I thought," said Hendrik. "Ramiro knew of her journey and guessed that she might carry some letter. Oh!"

he went on, shaking his fist in a kind of frenzy, and addressing the two women who had played the parts of Red Bow and her servant, "who among you is the traitor? Can it be that you, whom my bounty has fed, betray me? Nay, girls, do not weep, I know that it is not so, and yet, in this city, the very walls have ears, yes, even this deep vault gives up its secrets. Well, if only I can save my fortune from those wolves, what do I care? Then they may take my carcass and tear it. At least, my daughter is safe for a while, and now I have but one desire left on earth—to rob them of my wealth also."

Then he turned to the girl decked out in the gay clothes, who, now that chase was over, sat upon a bench with her face hidden in her hand, and said, "Tell me your story, Gretchen," whereon she lifted her head and repeated all that had happened.

"They press us hard," muttered Brant, "but, friends, we will beat them yet. Eat now, and drink while you may."

So they sat down and ate and drank while Hendrik watched them, and the man who had led them to the vault listened without the door.

When they had finished, Brant bade the two women, Red Bow and the other, leave the cellar and send in the sentry, replacing him as guards. He entered, a hard-faced, grizzled man, and, taking a seat at the table, began to fill himself with food and wine.

"Hearken, my cousin Foy," said Brant presently, "this is the plan. A league away, near to the mouth of the great canal, lie certain boats, a score or over of them, laden with trading goods and timber, in the charge of honest men who know nothing of their cargo, but who have orders to fire them if they should be loarded. Among these boats is one called *The Swallow*, small, but the swiftest on this coast, and handy in a sea. Her cargo is salt, and beneath it eight kegs of powder, and between the powder and the salt certain barrels, which barrels are filled with treasure. Now, presently, if you have the heart for it—and if you have not, say so, and I will go myself—this man here, Hans, under cover of the darkness, will row you down to the boat *Swallow*. Then you must board her, and at the first break of dawn hoist her great sail and stand out to sea, and away with her where the wind drives, tying the skiff behind. Like enough you will find foes waiting for you at the mouth of the canal, or elsewhere. Then I can give you only one counsel—get out with the *Swallow* if you can, and if you cannot, escape in the skiff or by swimming, but before you leave her fire the slow matches that are ready at the bow and the stern, and let the powder do its work and blow my wealth to the waters and the winds. Will you do it? Think, think well before you answer."

"Did we not come out from Leyden to be at your command cousin?" said Foy smiling. Then he added, "But why do you not accompany us on this adventure? You are in danger here, and even if we get clear with the treasure, what use is money without life?"

"To me none any way," answered Brant; "but you do not understand? I live in the midst of spies, I am watched day and night; although I came here disguised and secretly, it is probable that even my presence in this house is known. More, there is an order out that if I attempt to leave the town by land or water, I am to be seized, whereon my house will be searched instantly, and it will be found that my bullion is gone. Think, lad, how great is this wealth, and you will understand why the crows are hungry. It is talked of throughout the Netherlands, it has been reported to the King in Spain, and I learn that orders have come from him concerning its seizure. But there is another band who would get hold of it first, Ramiro and his crew, and that is why I have been left safe so long, because the thieves strive one against the other and watch each other. Most of all, however, they watch me and everything that is mine. For though they do not believe that I should send the treasure away and stay behind, yet they are not sure."

"You think that they will pursue us then?" asked Foy.

"For certain. Messengers arrived from Leyden to announce your coming two hours before you set foot in the town, and it will be wonderful indeed if you leave it without a band of cut-throats at your heels. Be not deceived, lad, this business is no light one."

"You say the little boat sails fast, master?" queried Martin.

"She sails fast, but perhaps others are as swift. Moreover, it may happen that you will find the mouth of the canal blocked by the guardship which was sent there a week ago with orders to search every craft that passes from stem to stern. Or—you may slip past her."

"My master and I are not afraid of a few blows," said Martin, "and we are ready to take our risks like brave men; still, Mynheer Brant, this seems to me a hazardous business, and one in which your money may well get itself lost. Now, I ask you, would it not be better to take this treasure out of the boat where you have hidden it, and bury it, or convey it away by land?"

Brant shook his head. "I have thought of that," he said, "as I have thought of everything, but it cannot now be done, also there is no time to make fresh plans."

"Why?" asked Foy.

"Because day and night, men are watching the boats which are known to belong to me, although they are registered in other names, and only this evening an order was signed that they must

be searched within an hour of dawn. My information is good; it should be since I pay for it dearly."

"Then," said Foy, "there is nothing more to be said; we will try to get to the boat and try to get her away; and if we get her away we will try to hide the treasure, and if we cannot we will try to blow her up as you direct and try to escape ourselves." Or—" and he shrugged his shoulders.

Martin said nothing, only he shook his great red head, and the silent pilot at the table speak at all.

Hendrik Brant looked at them, and his pale, careworn face began to work. "Have I the right?" he muttered to himself for an instant or two bent his head as though in prayer. When he lifted it again his mind seemed to be made up.

"Foy van Goorl," he said, "listen to me, and tell your cousin, and executor, what I say, since I have no time to tell it; tell him word for word. You are wondering why I do this; take its chance without risking the lives of men to do it. It is because something in my heart pushes me to another path. It may be imagination, but I am a man standing on the edge of a grave, and to such I have known it given to see the future. That you will win through with the treasure, Foy, and that you will be the means of bringing some wicked ones to their doom, and more, much more, but what it is I cannot altogether see. I am quite certain that thousands and tens of thousands of our lives live to bless the gold of Hendrik Brant, and that is why I live so hard to save it from the Spaniards. Also that is why I risk your lives to-night; not for the wealth's sake, for we are all dross, but for what the wealth will buy in days to come."

He paused awhile, then went on: "I think also, cousin, being, they tell me, unaffianced, you will learn to love, and in vain, that dear child of mine, whom I leave in your keeping and in yours. More, since time is short and we shall meet again, I say to you plainly, that the thought is pleasing to me, young cousin Foy, for I have a good report of you and like your blood and looks. Remember always, however dark may be the sky, that before he passed to doom Hendrik Brant had this thought concerning you and the daughter whom he loves, and whom he will learn to love as do all who know her. Remember also that priceless things are not lightly won, and do not woo her for fortune, since, I tell you, this belongs not to her but to our people and our cause, and when the hour comes, for then you must use it."

Foy listened wondering, but he made no answer, for he knew not what to say. Yet now, on the edge of his first great adventure, his words were comfortable to him who had found already that his eyes were bright. Brant next turned towards Martin, but that worthy shook his red beard and stepped back a pace.

"Thank you kindly, master," he said, "but I will do without prophecies, which, good or ill, are things that fasten upon a man's mind. Once an astrologer cast my nativity, and foretold that I should be drowned before I was twenty-five. I wasn't, but my faith! the miles which I have walked round to bridges on account of that astrologer."

Brant smiled. "I have no foresight concerning you, good friend, except that I judge your arm will be always strong in battle; that you will love your masters well, and use your might to avenge the cause of God's slaughtered saints upon their murderers."

Martin nodded his head vigorously, and fumbled at the handle of the sword Silence, while Brant went on:

"Friend, you have entered on a dangerous quarrel on behalf of me and mine, and if you live through it you will have earned high pay."

Then he went to the table, and, taking writing materials, wrote as follows: "To the Heer Dirk van Goorl and his heirs, executors of my will, and the holders of my fortune, which is to be used as God shall show them. This is to certify that in payment of this night's work Martin, called the Red, the servant of the Heer Dirk van Goorl, or those heirs whom he may appoint, is entitled to a sum of five thousand florins, and I constitute such sum a charge upon my estate, to whatever purpose they may put it in their discretion." This document he dated, signed, and caused the Hans to sign also as a witness. Then he gave it to Martin, who thanked him by touching his forehead, remarking at the same time:

"After all, fighting is not a bad trade if you only stick to it long enough. Five thousand florins! I never thought to earn much."

"You haven't got it yet," interrupted Foy. "And now, what are you going to do with that paper?"

Martin reflected. "Coat," he said—"no, a man takes off his coat if it is hot, and it might be left behind. Boots—no, that we wear it out, especially if they get wet. Jersey—sewn next skin—no, same reason. Ah! I have it," and, drawing out the great sword Silence, he took the point of his knife and began to turn a little silver screw in the hilt, one of many with which the handle of walrus ivory was fastened to its steel core. The screw came out, and he touched a spring whereon one-quarter of the ivory casing fell away, revealing a considerable hollow in the handle, although Martin grasped it with one hand, the sword made to be held by two.

"What is that hole for?" asked Foy.

"The executioner's drug," replied Martin, "which makes a man happy while he does his business with him, that is, if he pays the fee. He offered his dose to me, I remember, before. Here Martin stopped, and, having rolled up the parchment, hid it in the hollow.

"You might lose your sword," suggested Foy.

"Yes, master, when I lose my life and exchange the happy for a golden crown," replied Martin with a grin. "But then I do not intend to part with Silence."

Meanwhile Hendrik Brant had been whispering to the man at the table, who now rose and said:

"Foster brother, do not trouble about me; I take my chance. I do not wish to survive you. My wife is burnt, one of my children is married to a man who knows how to protect them. I also the dowries you gave them are far away and safe. Do not trouble about me who have but one desire—to snatch the great treasure from the maw of the Spaniard that in a day to come it will bring doom upon the Spaniard." Then he relapsed into a silence which spread over the whole company.

"It is time to be stirring," said Brant presently. "Hans, you



MR. JOSEPH LAWRENCE
New Sheriff



MR. ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN
The New Lord Mayor



MR. ALDERMAN VAUGHAN MORGAN
New Sheriff

The New Lord Mayor and Sheriffs

MR. ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN, the new Lord Mayor, is a native of Maidstone, and is sixty-five years of age. He is a paper merchant, and entered the Court of Common Council in 1878 as a representative of the Ward of Vintry. As Chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, in 1884, he was responsible for the report which led to the construction of the Tower Bridge, and he took an active part in the passing of the proposals for the City's electric light installation. He was Senior Sheriff during the Mayoralty of Sir Horatio David Davies, K.C.M.G. In 1869 Alderman Green married the only daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Haydn, author of the "Dictionary of Dates," but last winter was left a widower, and the duties of Lady Mayoress will be performed by his elder daughter, Miss Kathleen Haydn Green.

Mr. Alderman Vaughan Morgan, of Morgan Brothers, Cannon Street, and Mr. Joseph Lawrence, the Chairman of the Linotype Company, are the new Sheriffs in succession to Sir W. P. Treloar and Sir H. H. Bevan. Our portraits are by the following:—The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress by A. Ellis and Walery, Baker Street; Sheriff Vaughan Morgan by the London Stereoscopic Company; and Sheriff Lawrence by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Boers and Boxers

WITH the ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Transvaal to the Queen's dominions—which took place at Pretoria in the presence of Lord Roberts, by a happy coincidence, on the double anniversary of Agincourt and Balaclava—the war in South Africa may at last be said to have reached its official close; and the Commander-in-Chief, hopes to be able to leave for England about the middle of this month—delegating to Lord Kitchener the completion of his work. Up to the end of October, the war had cost us a total of over 46,000 casualties of all kinds, including 33,000 invalids sent home, though the great majority of these have returned to duty, with the result that the total reduction of our fighting forces—say 250,000—amounted to only 12,769 men, and of these only about 3,000 had been killed in battle! Yet of Wellington's army at Waterloo about 15,000 were killed and wounded; the storming of Badajoz had cost him 3,500 men; Albuera, 4,200; while at Inkerman the British loss was 3,258.

For the rest, the recent despatches of the Commander-in-Chief have formed a curious medley of depressing and encouraging reading. While Lord Roberts reports, from Johannesburg, "that there are now unmistakable signs that the Boers are getting disheartened, that food is scarce" (General Paget, for one thing, captured at one haul 25,000 of their cattle), "and ammunition still scarcer," he, nevertheless, has had to record several astonishingly bold and even successful acts of sporadic hostility on the part of the enemy, whose courage would appear to be mainly sustained by the outrageous lies that continue to be told them by Steyn and De Wet, and by the foolish hope that Mr. Kruger's visit to Europe may yet result in the intervention of some of the Powers on their behalf.

To turn to China, it cannot be said that the Boxer question is verging towards its solution so rapidly as that of the Boers; but, anyhow, the arms of the Allies in China have, of late, been making decidedly quicker progress than their diplomacy. *Inter arma silent leges*, and, as a rule, diplomacy begins where fighting ends; but in the Celestial Empire we have the curious spectacle of the Generals and Ambassadors of the Allies pursuing their object *pari passu*. We continue to hear of frequent conflicts with, and copious slaughterings of, Boxers from Taku to Peking; but the main centre of military interest has recently been at Pao-ting-fu, whither an Allied force marched to exact retribution, among other things, for the barbarously inhuman treatment of an American lady, Miss Morrell—retribution which took the form of the destruction of the most venerated temple there, and of the execution of the Provincial Judge and the Military Commandant, whose sentences were confirmed by Count Waldersee.



MISS KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN
The New Lady Mayoress

but, most of all, remember your mother and your benefactor Hendrik Brant. Farewell."

"Farewell, father," they answered with a sob, and the boat drifted off down the dark canal, leaving the two of them alone upon the wharf. Afterwards Foy discovered that it was the short sister who walked with Martin that was married. Gallant little Red Bow married also, but later. Her husband was a cloth merchant in London, and her grandson became Lord Mayor of that city.

And now, having played their part in it, these two brave girls are out of the story.

(To be continued)

By an error in last week's number of *The Graphic* the address of Messrs. Lombardi and Co., photographers, was given as Regent Street. The correct address of the firm is 27, Sloane Street, S.W.

will lead the way. I must bide here awhile before I go abroad and show myself."

The pilot nodded. "Ready?" he asked, addressing Foy and Martin. Then he went to the door and whistled, whereon Red Bow with her pretended servant entered the vault. He spoke word or two to them and kissed them each upon the brow. Next he went to Hendrik Brant, and throwing his arms about him, embraced him with far more passion than he had shown towards his own daughters.

"Farewell, foster brother," he said, "till we meet again here or hereafter—it matters little which. Have no fear, we will get the stuff through to England if may be, or send it to hell with some Spaniards to seek it there. Now, comrades, come on and stick close to me, and if any try to stop us cut them down. When we reach the boat do you take the oars and row while I steer her. The girls come with us to the canal, arm-in-arm with the two of you. If anything happens to me either of them can steer you to the skiff called *Swallow*, but if naught happens we will put them ashore at the next wharf. Come," and he led the way from the cellar.

At the threshold Foy turned to look at Hendrik Brant. He was standing by the table, the light shining full upon his pale face and grizzled head, about which it seemed to cast a halo. Indeed, at that moment, wrapped in his long, dark cloak, his lips moving in prayer, and his arms uplifted to bless them as they went, he might well have been, not a man, but some vision of a saint come back to earth. The door closed and Foy never saw him again, for ere long the Inquisition seized him and a while afterwards he died beneath their cruel hands. One of the charges against him was, that more than twenty years before, he had been seen reading the Bible at Leyden by Black Meg, who appeared and gave the evidence. But they did not discover where his treasure was hidden away. To win an easier death, indeed, he made them a long confession that took them a still longer journey, but of the truth of the matter he knew nothing, and therefore could tell them nothing.

Now this scene, so strange and pathetic, ended at last; the five of them were in the darkness of the street. Here once more Foy and Red Bow clung to each other, and once more the arm of Martin was about the neck of her who seemed to be the serving-maid, and as though he were paid to show the way, went the pilot. Soon footsteps were heard, for folk were following them. They turned once, they turned twice, they reached the bank of a canal, and Hans, followed by Red Bow and her sister, descended some steps and climbed into a boat which lay there ready. Next came Martin, and, last of all, Foy. As he set foot upon the first step, a figure shot out of the gloom towards him, a knife gleamed in the air and a blow took him between the shoulders that sent him tumbling headlong, for he was balanced upon the edge of the step.

But Martin had heard and seen. He swung round and struck out with the sword Silence. The assassin was far from him, still the tip of the long steel reached the outstretched murderous hand, and from it fell a broken knife, while he who held it sped on with a screech of pain. Martin darted back and seized the knife, then he leapt into the boat and pushed off. At the bottom of it lay Foy, who had fallen straight into the arms of Red Bow, dragging her down with him.

"Are you hurt, master?" asked Martin.

"Not a bit," replied Foy, "but I am afraid the lady is. She was undermost."

"Mother's gifts are good gifts," muttered Martin as he pulled him and the girl, whose breath had been knocked out of her, up to a seat. "You ought to have an eight-inch hole through you, but the knife broke upon the shirt. Look here," and he threw the handle of the dagger on to his knees and snatched at the sculls.

Foy examined it in the faint light, and there, still hooked above the guard, was a single severed finger, a long and skinny finger, to which the point of the sword Silence had played surgeon, and on it a gold ring. "This may be useful," thought Foy, as he slipped the handle and finger into the pocket of his cloak.

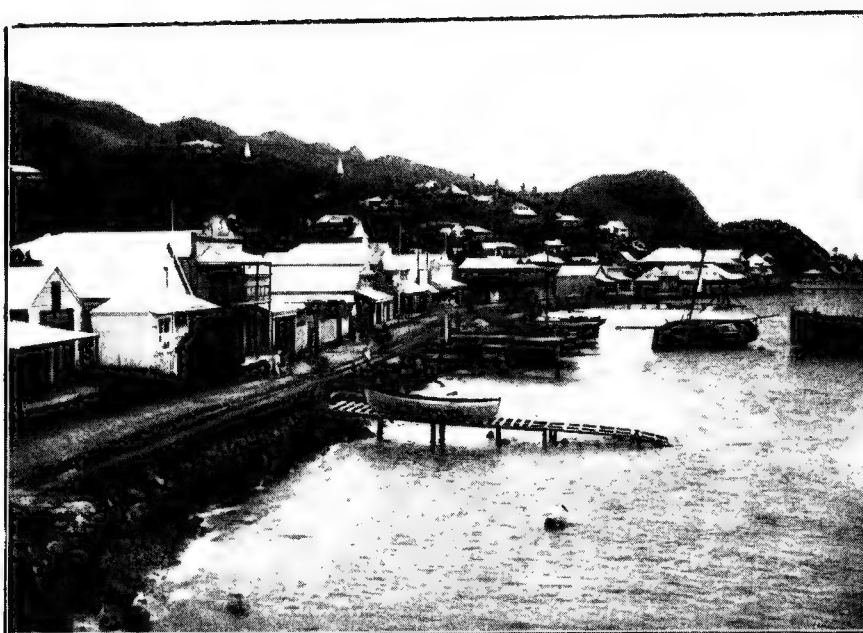
Then they took oars and rowed till presently they drew near a wharf. "Now, daughters, make ready," said Hans, and the girls stood



NATIVE HOUSES AT SUVA



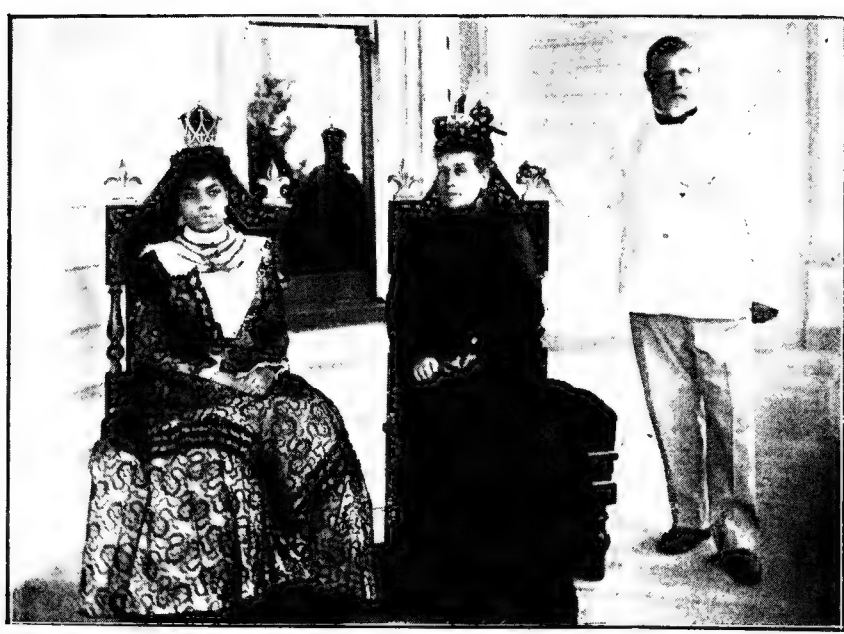
KING GEORGE THABOU ON HIS WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT AT NUKUALOFA, TONGA



THE MAIN STREET, LEVUKA



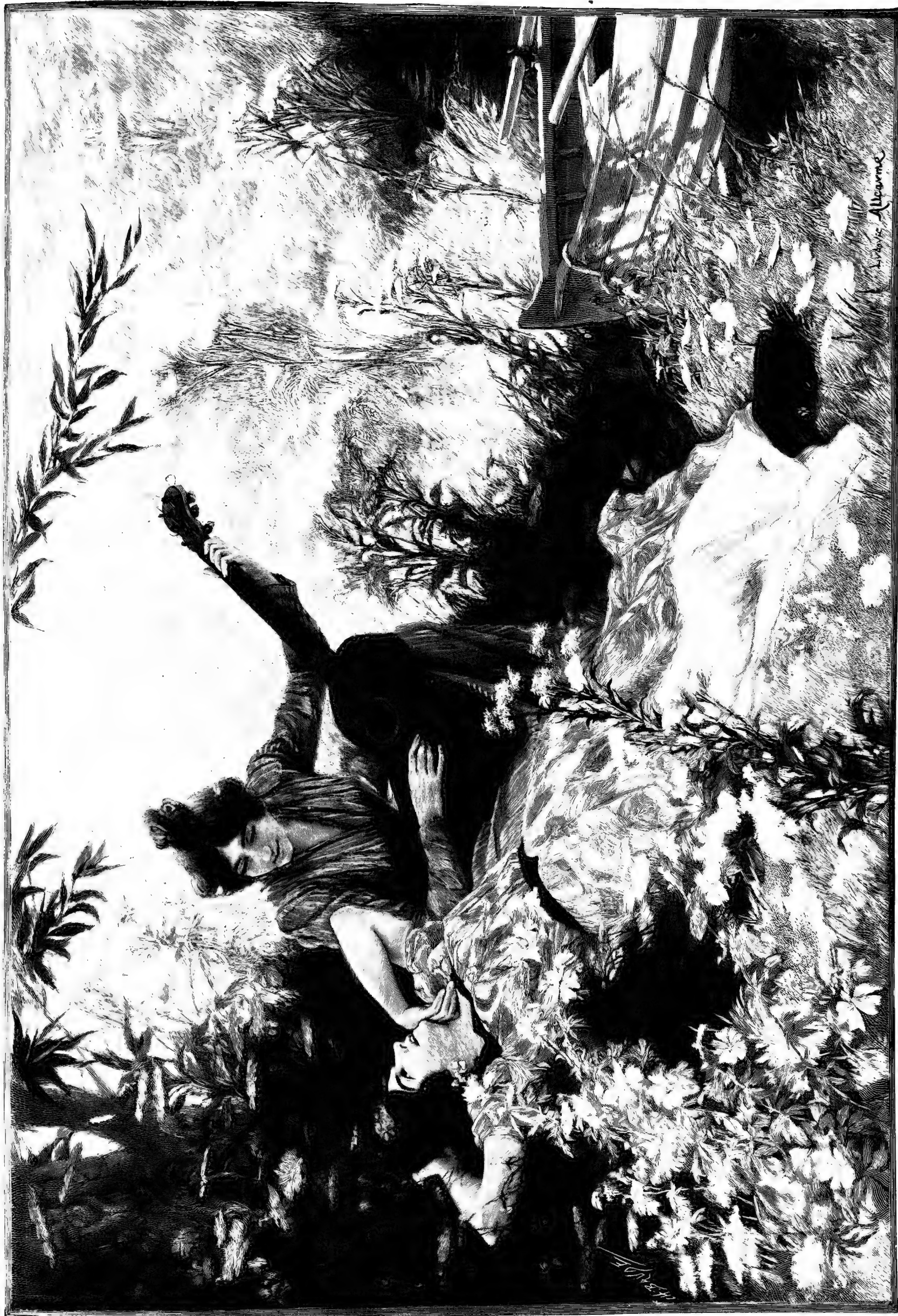
A RIVER SCENE AT SUVA



THE QUEEN OF TONGA, AND MR. AND MRS. SEDDON

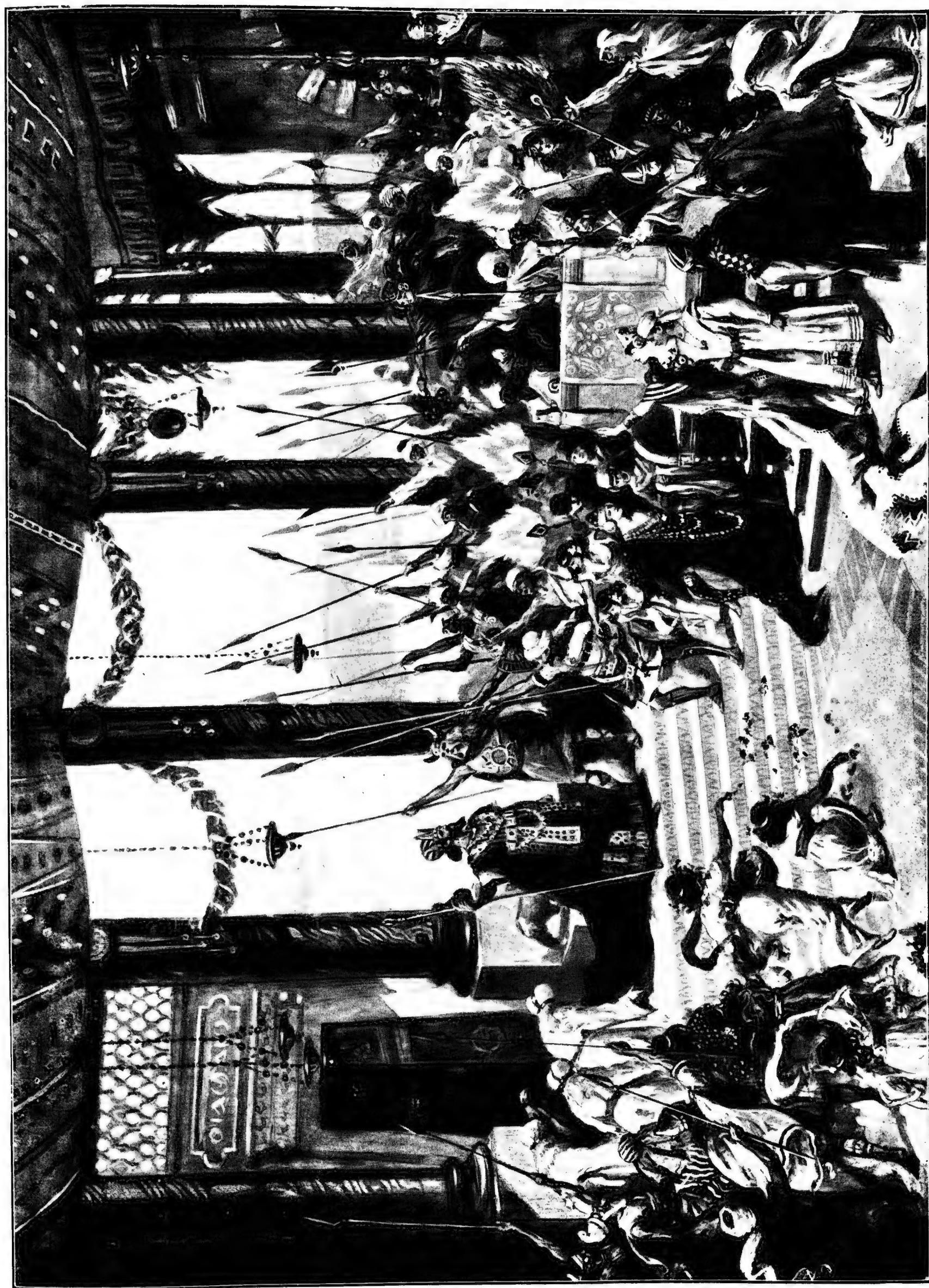


KING AND QUEEN OF BAROTONGA, MR. AND MRS. SEDDON IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, BAROTONGA



"LES CIGALES" (THE GRASSHOPPERS)
FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALLEAUME, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON

Major-General Sir Charles Taylor Du Plat, K.C.B., was of Brigadier-General G. C. G. Du Plat, R.E., a Knight of H. and Pauline, Countess Hardenberg. He was born in 1826 was, therefore, seventy-eight years of age. Educated at the Military Academy, Woolwich, he entered the Royal Artillery and served in that corps for just on forty years, retiring on in 1880 with the rank of Major-General. Since 1854 Sir Du Plat had been closely connected with the Court. In that was appointed Equerry to the Prince Consort, and he acted capacity until the death of his Royal Highness in 1861. From time onwards he attended the Queen as Equerry-in-Ordre 1893, when he became an Extra Equerry. Our portrait Lambert, Weston, and Sons, Folkestone.



THE NEW PLAY AT HER MAJESTY'S: MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "HEROD"
THE GREETING OF HEROD IN HIS PALACE AT JERUSALEM
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

ORDERED TO REINFORCE



SADDLING UP



LOADING UP SUPPLIES



TO THE RESCUE

DRAWN BY LEAK, FARM, B.C.
The troops here are ordered to reinforce the main body of the army, and to go to the rescue of the reconnoitering party.



One of the troopships going from Singapore to Hong Kong had a most unpleasant experience on her voyage. She encountered the full force of a typhoon. Her forecast had gone by the board, her main and mizen topmasts were carried away, and two boats were lost. The vessel encountered the typhoon some distance to the southward of Hong Kong, and was in such a position that she could not change her course to avoid it, but had to thrash her way through it. Everything that

seamanship and experience could suggest was done to ensure the safety of the troops. They were huddled down below in the troop decks. There was a tremendous cross sea, the wind blew a fierce gale with squalls of hurricane force, following one upon the other with great rapidity, and between sea and wind combined the vessel became practically unmanageable. The scene on the deck was horrible. The horses, mules, and sheep were exposed to the fury of the mountainous sea, and were tossed about hither and thither without any possibility

of aid being rendered to them. One hundred and forty-three sheep were washed overboard, while four mules and forty-three mules were killed, some by the fall of the forecast and others by being dashed about by the seas which time and again filled the decks. When the troopship came to Hong Kong she looked, as she was, a perfect wreck. Masts, bulwarks and boats were gone; her decks a perfect shambles with the carcasses of dead beasts, and all her winches and other deck fittings hattered out of all recognition.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE: A TROOPSHIP IN A TYPHOON ON THE WAY TO HONG KONG

DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

Mafeking—Before and After the War

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

MAFEKING was, of course, by no means so interesting a place before the war as it is now that the war is practically over—for the Baden-Powell "catacombs" will long be one of the great sights for the South African tourist, and amateur Baden-Powells will shoulder their walking sticks, and show how Cronje and Snyman were held at bay, and how brave Horatius kept the flag flying in the days of old. Yet Mafeking was always a pleasant and an attractive little place, far more so, for instance, than Vryburg, the other important town on the great highway between Kimberley and Rhodesia.

Perhaps the reason is that it has already been far more English than Vryburg. The latter place was for some time the terminus of the Bechuanaland Railway, while Mafeking was a hundred miles in the railwayless north. Vryburg was so Dutch that soon after the war began its inhabitants betrayed the town to the Boers; and such was the mortification of the Cape major in command that the poor fellow shot himself. At Mafeking there were fewer Boers and more English, consequently no question of surrender to the enemy.

This little town will probably continue to present, as it has always presented, an excellent example of how British folk and natives—the coloured people of the soil—can dwell side by side in harmony, in contrast with many other places where the Boer domination makes the native's life one of perpetual fear and practical slavery.

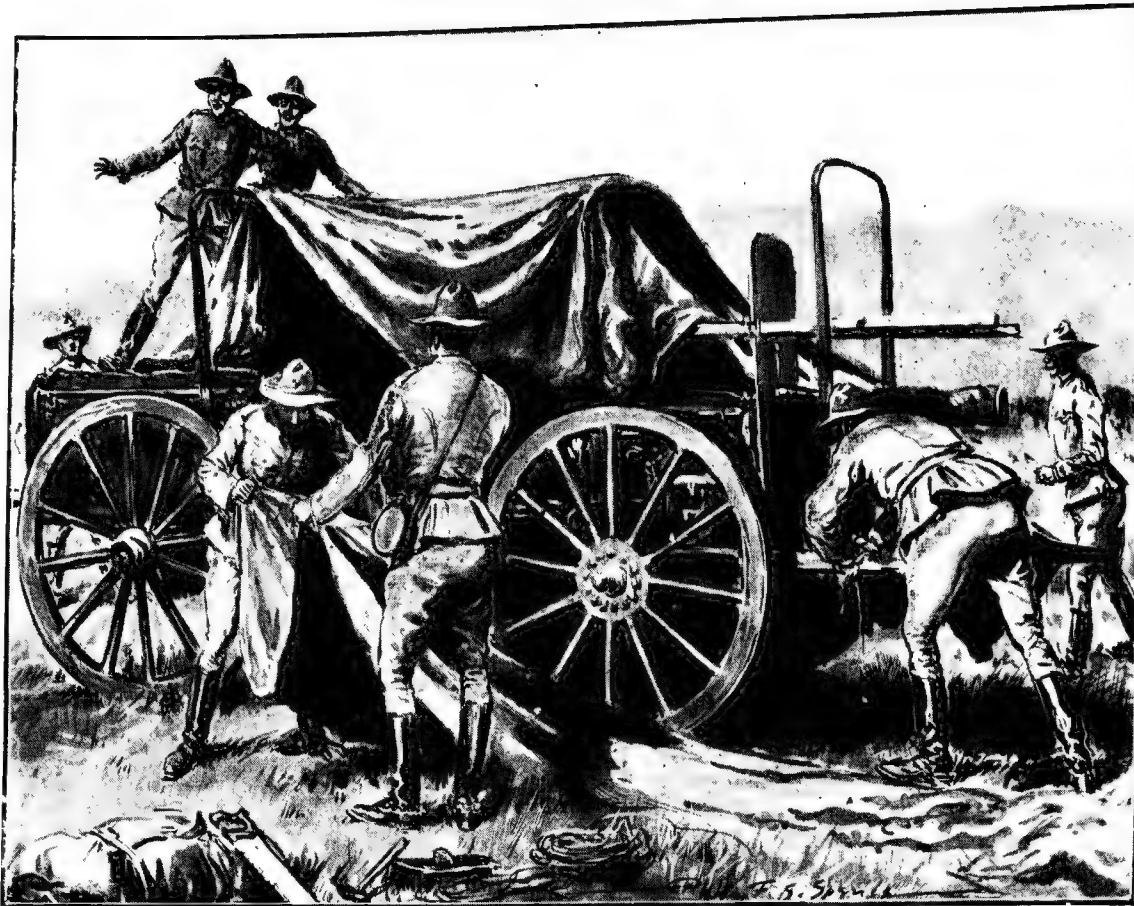
At Mafeking, before the quite recent days of its railway station, the traveller *en route*, say, to Khama's country, or Rhodes's country farther north, would outspan his waggon on the large market square

and find himself surrounded by friends, and he could not fail to be struck by the smart appearance of the place. There were trees about, and pleasant little gardens, and shops with English names, and on the cricket ground—blessed proof of English civilisation!—there were men in white flannels and ladies in white dresses. There was also a paper in English, the *Bechuanaland News*; and in the hotels where one boarded, after a fashion much followed in new places where there are more men than women, and where people don't want to be bothered with the cares of housekeeping, the

under its rule yielded themselves to the invading enemy is a which need not here be discussed; but certainly the Bechuanaland portion of the Cape Colony owes little either to the loyalty or the defensive energy of the pro-Boer Ministers at Cape Town. Mafeking itself was defended by a handful of troops in spite of, rather than with the countenance of, the Cape Government; and it was entirely due to British pluck and loyalty and determination to stand by its own that Mafeking did not suffer the same disgrace that fell on Vryburg. Given a Cape Colony as loyal and as English as Natal,

language spoken was English, whilst in the South African towns it had been Dutch. In fact, this place has always struck the visitor as having an English air and feeling, so far as experience or expectation goes. Characteristics in South Africa towards the Tropic of Capricorn it was even more so at than in some of the upland of Natal, and decidedly than in the upland town of the Cape Colony. The reason of the fact that Mafeking some time the chief residence of what was the Crown Colony, the British Bechuanaland, direct administration of the Street. This led to the of Englishmen, who always their country with them.

In the reorganisation followed the granting of the to Rhodesia, British land ceased to be a Crown being transferred, wisely, to the Cape. members returned to Parliament was Mr. J. the contractor and stores who by a fortuitous of stores of all kinds rendered a signal service to Mafeking stores being detained at the instance of Lord Low instead of being sent to Rhodesia. How far the Cape Government is responsible for the manner in which certain stores



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. ENGLAND COWAN

It was Lord Dufferin's idea to cover up a gun carriage and make it look like a harmless transport waggon
A TRAP FOR THE BOERS: DISGUISED A "POM-POM"



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

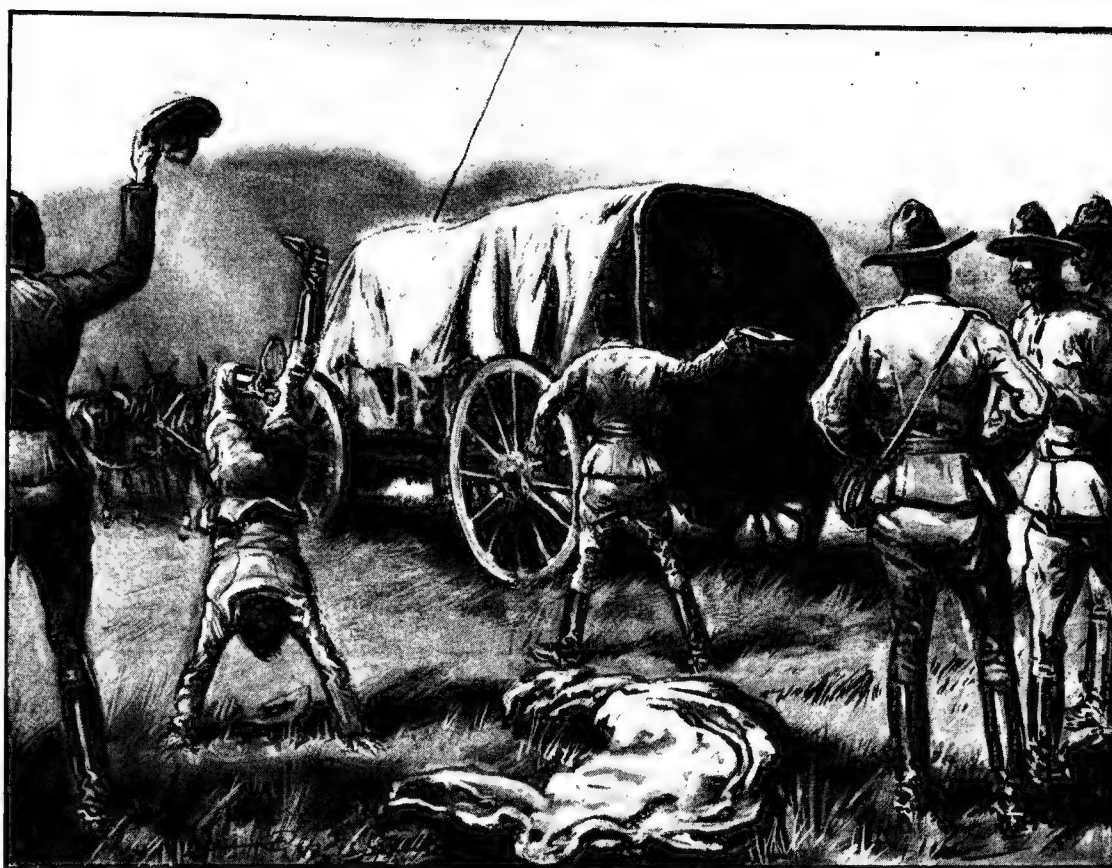
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A Correspondent writes:—"A riderless horse came up to us the other day, when we were out scouting. The poor beast seemed pleased to meet us, and evidently had not enjoyed wandering on the veldt alone after losing its master"

A WAIF ON THE VELDT: A RECONNOITRING INCIDENT NEAR WATERVAL BRIDGE

Mafeking might have been an important place in the conduct of the war, being that point in British territory which lies nearest to Johannesburg and Pretoria, and also commanding an easy route to those places. It has been argued that, grand as the defence was, and satisfactory as the result is, the stubborn holding of Mafeking is really one of those incidents which belong to the same category as the Charge of the Light Brigade, which was magnificent but not *la guerre*. But General Baden-Powell, speaking at Cape Town the other day, showed that the defence of the town had an important strategic value in detaining a large part of the Boer forces which would otherwise have been free to invade the Cape Colony.

Moreover, one must not forget the considerations attaching to the fact mentioned above, that Mafeking is a native stadt as well as an English town. Or rather, there is a native stadt at a little distance from the English town, and watered by the same little river. In this native town live thousands of loyal British subjects, dark of skin but well aware of the meaning for them and their brethren in South Africa of the Union Jack they saw, and still see, flying on the fort at Mafeking. A word would have made the males amongst them armed and fierce defenders of that flag. Unhappily the Boers seem to have been able to destroy a considerable number of the huts of this native town outside Mafeking; but native huts of clay and reeds can soon be rebuilt. The great thing is that these natives, and their multitudes of coloured fellows elsewhere, who are perfectly well aware that Mafeking was isolated and threatened by the Boers during the months of siege, have seen the Boers defied, baffled, thrashed, and driven off in defeat, whilst the Union Jack still flies as an emblem of strength as well as of peace over the Great White Queen's stadt of Mafeking.



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. ENGLAND COWAN

The "Pom-Pom" is quite out of sight and the tarpaulin has been fixed so that the deception is perfect
A TRAP FOR THE BOERS: THE DISGUISE COMPLETE

Mafeking before the war was "an important commercial centre," as these things go in South Africa. It was, at any rate, a starting point for traders, hunters, and others bound for the Kalahari, Lake Ngami, and Western Bechuanaland, as well as for the Malmani Goldfields and elsewhere in the west of the Transvaal. Moreover, under the Custom Union Convention Mafeking was a free warehousing port, an inland port where goods could be warehoused in bond just as tobacco may be stored in bond at the London docks, so that the

"go ahead" faster than ever. When once the Boers have accepted the inevitable, and render aid in stopping the cowardly crimes and bloodthirsty blunders now committed in their name by mere gangs of thieving desperadoes, the route by Kimberley and Mafeking to Johannesburg will probably become a favourite one. Certainly none of the coming thousands of tourists will willingly omit to visit the scene of the thrice heroic defence which will make the name of Mafeking for ever bright in the pages of history.

duty is not paid until the goods are removed.

With these advantages and others, such as the not unimportant one of a good water supply on which all visitors could rely for their teams, the little place drove a fairly thriving trade in spite of the misfortune that the railway passed onwards to the north instead of halting at Mafeking, as it once did at Kimberley. Mafeking's hospital cost 2,500*l*. It has English, Dutch, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic churches, also convent schools; and its Town Hall will soon be rebuilt. Its "hotels" number four, bearing such English names as the "Surrey," "Dixon's," and "Moore's." Its recreations are provided for not only by a ground, racecourse, and pavilion, but by a swimming bath—a luxury very uncommon in inland South Africa. In short, Mafeking, even before the war, was a pleasant little town, liked by most people who halted there. But the Mafeking of last year will be as nothing in comparison with the Mafeking of the near future. Already the people of the town are energetically bestirring themselves in setting things to rights. Now that the neighbouring country is a British Colony there can be no doubt of a general development at an astonishing rate, and Mafeking, in particular, cannot fail to



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY "G. G."

A Correspondent writes:—"A train containing four companies of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, under Major Shute, was derailed by the Boers two miles east of Pau Station on the night of October 1. The men here shown scrambling out are Coldstream Guards (not Boers) in their slouch hats and bandoliers. The Boers had taken away one off-rail just in front of a culvert, in hopes that the train would fall into it, but the engine only ploughed up the ballast a bit and with two trucks got off the line and stuck. Most of

the casualties (five men killed and an officer and twenty men wounded) occurred as the men were getting off the trucks. The second and third trucks were full of Boer prisoners. One of the escort was hit but not a single Boer, as bad luck would have it. The engine-driver and stoker were both hit, the former behaving splendidly. The enemy, only thirty-five in number, were about sixty yards off, and bolted directly we opened fire."

A BOER SURPRISE THAT FAILED: COLDSTREAM GUARDS DEFENDING A DERAILED TRAIN



F. de Guenen

FROM A SKETCH BY GTR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING

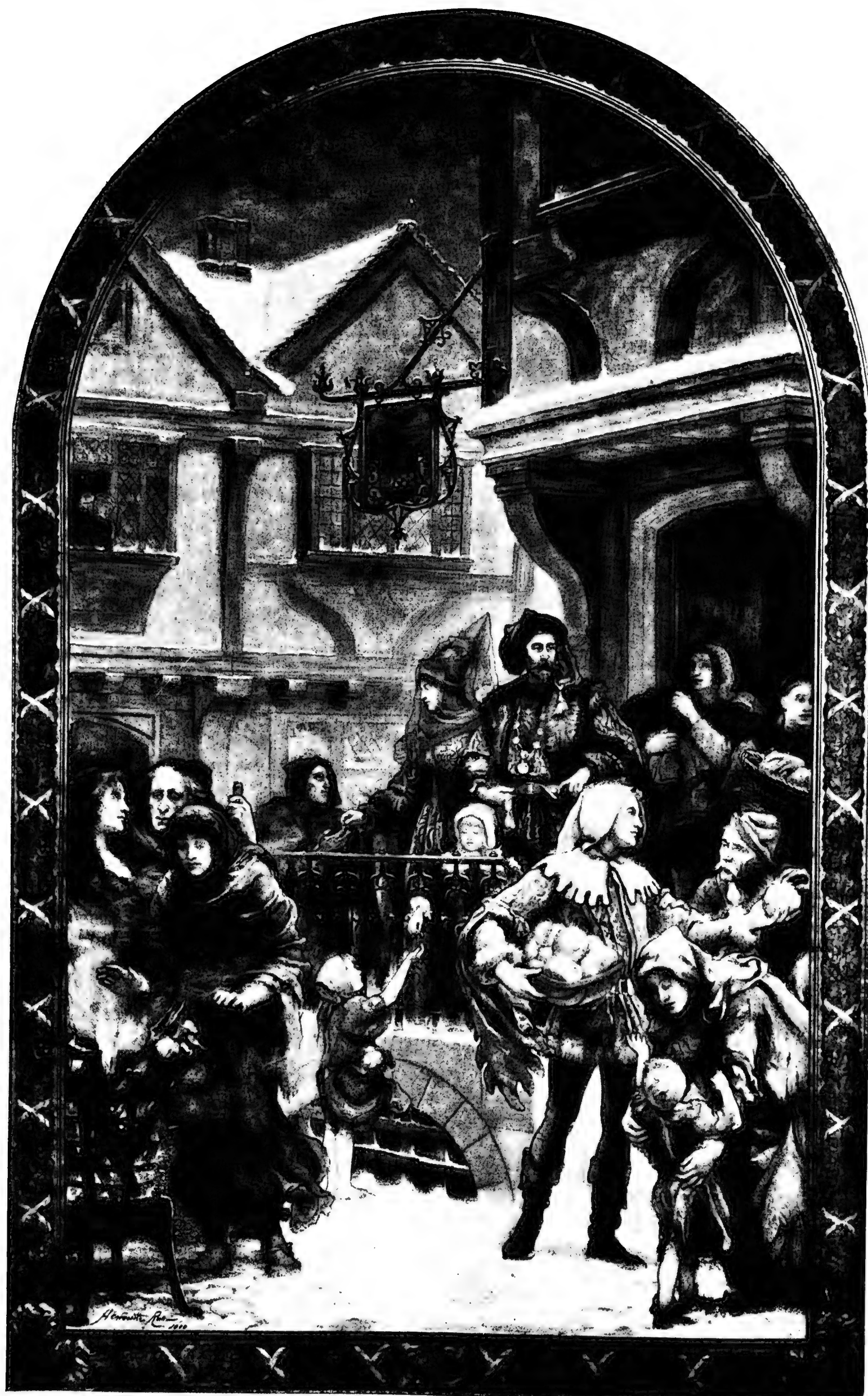
ILLUSTRATION BY F. DE GUENEN

On the way to the North Gate, the Prince's cavalcade was met by a detachment of the 4th Bengal Lancers, who were waiting to take its place in the procession. The Prince's cavalcade has rather an imposing

grandeur, which, perhaps, may be accounted for by the evil times. The retinue was mounted on rough Mongol ponies and mules, and consisted of one or two minlars,

with soldiers and attendants, the rear being brought up by a train of Peking carts containing the women of the party.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE ENTRY OF PRINCE CHING INTO PEKING



"SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S CHARITIES (1419)." BY HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND). PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN PADDON
THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE EIGHTH MURAL PAINTING COMPLETED



"KING JOHN SIGNING THE MAGNA CHARTA." BY E. NORMAND. PRESENTED BY MR. ABE BAILEY

THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE NINTH MURAL PAINTING COMPLETED

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"A WALK in London with one who knows his London well is a liberal education." Who was it said this? Well it doesn't much matter, for very soon there will be but little element of truth in it, since we find on all hands a disposition to destroy all buildings of interest and eradicate all historical associations from our bricks and mortar as much as possible. I was forcibly impressed with this on having a casual stroll in Bloomsbury only the other day. Taking my way through Kingsgate Street, I find that the abode of Poll Sweedlepipe, where Bailey Junior was shaved, where the immortal Sairey Gamp had lodgings on the first floor, and where that arch-humbler Pecksniff called and was mercilessly chaffed by the inhabitants of the street, had been levelled to the ground. Passing down Southampton Row into Russell Square I note the magnificent hotel which occupies the site of old Sedley's house, in "Vanity Fair," where on a certain occasion George Osborne saw Amelia watching for him from the drawing-room balcony, while Becky Sharp was gazing from her bedroom on the second floor in quest of the corpulent Joseph Sedley. Strolling down Woburn Place I pass Bernard Street, but little changed since Sam Titmarsh, of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," took a house there and his terrible aunt came to reside with him. Further on I note Great Coram Street, where what Thackeray called a "melancholy appearance of faded greatness"—the Russell Institution—has been transformed into an eligible building site, while the author's own residence, which he occupied in 1836, still remains.

Passing through Tavistock Square I turn to the right to gaze upon Tavistock House—the residence of Charles Dickens in the very height of his great success. I am startled and horrified to find the destroyer is here hard at work. The windows are all out, the roof is being removed, scaffold poles are being erected, and the façade of the mansion is being treated with unceremonious roughness. As I write, men anxious to begin the work of demolition have invaded the large room in which the famous theatricals took place, which were attended by a choice selection of the most notable people of the time. Before these lines are in print the pick will have begun its work. The sacred precincts of that study, where were written "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Hunted Down," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Great Expectations" will have been invaded by stalwart, heavy-booted, loud-voiced men, who will shout and whistle as they bring the bricks down with a thunderous crash and make the air misty with powdered mortar; who have no thought for the pleasant ghosts with which these walls are haunted, and who carelessly sing a merry song as they suddenly let in the daylight to unaccustomed places. Two or three years ago all the residences of Dickens were intact. The first to be destroyed was that in Furnival's Inn, where "Pickwick" was written. Now Tavistock House has gone, and, probably, the rest will soon follow.

Attacks on the steps of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields break out periodically like an epidemic. Within the last fifteen years there have been at least three agitations on the subject, each more unreasonable than the other. It is difficult to understand why these discussions should arise, for no widening of streets anywhere round about this neighbourhood is required. I can speak with authority on this subject, as I am through this quarter continually nearly every day of my life. There are few parts of London where the traffic is so continuous from early in the morning till after midnight, and yet you never find a block either in St. Martin's Lane, Chandos Street, St. Martin's Place, or Charing Cross Road. Indeed, the driving in all these thoroughfares is so ceaseless and so rapid that you have to keep a very sharp look out in case you might be juggernauted. There is not the least occasion in the world for public safety or convenience to interfere with the steps of St. Martin's or any of the streets in the locality. If the agitators are anxious to give employment to stone-masons that is another matter. In that case I might suggest that the efforts of the aforesaid artificers might be directed to repairing the steps of the church rather than to their removal and disfigurement.

In recording the improvement in method and attendance at the Gresham Lectures, the *City Press* tells an amusing anecdote of a party of five incongruous persons who once formed the audience at one of these functions. I am inclined to think my experience was even more extraordinary. I recollect once going to this civic entertainment a long while ago. The lecture was on mathematics, and it was delivered in the Latin tongue at twelve o'clock in the day. I arrived in good time, took my seat in the front row of a sort of miniature drama theatre. As the clock struck the hour a door opened and the lecturer appeared and began his discourse as he struggled into his gown. I then became conscious that I was the only person present beside the beadle, who occupied one of the topmost seats in the auditorium. The consequence was the lecturer delivered all his remarks straight at me, and when I occasionally nodded my head approvingly, said "Hear! hear!" or thumped with my umbrella in the wrong place, he glared at me, twitched his gown nervously over his shoulders and jabbered away faster than ever. This so got on my nerves, especially when I reflected it would last for an hour, that I felt I must get up and dance a break-down or shriek at the top of my voice. Fortunately at that moment two small boys came in. I at once seized the opportunity. Covering my mouth with my hand, and rocking myself to and fro as if I had a violent toothache, I made for the door, gave a yell of delight when I emerged into the open air, and scampered at the top of my speed down Basinghall Street, fearing that the beadle might be after me to bring me back and force me to listen to the remainder of the oration.

"Ian Hamilton's March"

ONE of the most interesting as regards events and details, and certainly one of the best written of the many "war books" that have appeared, is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's account of the long and difficult march of Lieutenant-General Ian Hamilton's column from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The volume consists of a continuation of those letters to the *Morning Post* which were published under the title of "London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria." Those who carefully followed, in the daily newspapers, the movements of Lord Roberts's Army will remember that this column bore the brunt of the fighting during the advance on Pretoria. Far from the railway, and having, in consequence, to depend for supplies and ammunition upon their own convoys, this column marched between April 22 and June 5 over 400 miles through the enemy's country. It was made up of 11,000 men, 12,000 horses and mules, and sixty-seven guns, including machine-guns and pom-poms, and fought, in all, ten general actions and fourteen smaller affairs, and captured five towns. Owing to the difficulties of telegraphing the march was scarcely attended by a single newspaper correspondent, and accompanied continuously by none; therefore, in all probability this is the only account of this part of the South African War that will be placed before the public. The author, as is well known, was a soldier before he became a special correspondent, and his comments on military matters generally, and on this part of the campaign in particular, are all the more worth noting on this account, added to which they render his book much more interesting and valuable to the general reader than the ordinary newspaper accounts. For

"Ian Hamilton's March." (Longmans.)

instance, in describing the battle of Tlabanchu, in which the troops were ordered to retire late in the day from a hill captured, he says that on the Indian frontier it is a cardinal rule to retire by daylight and sit still when overtaken by the enemy in the best position at hand. In this war experience has shown it is usually better to remain on the ground, even at a disadvantage, until it is quite dark, and then retire if necessary. The difference, he explains, is, that while close contact with the enemy, armed with a four-foot knife, is to be avoided, no better than the closest possible contact with a Dutchman, though the teaching of both wars may seem to contradict each other, on one point it is in complete agreement; the worst time of all to retire. It is these cursory remarks on daily events of the campaign that makes Mr. Churchill's book more than ordinary interest. The biographical sketch of the leader of the column is particularly well written. This officer has seen a good deal of fighting, having served in the Boer Wars, and also in the Soudan. The story of his determination and perseverance, he was enabled to put the last-named war will serve as a lesson to young officers, in taking "No" for an answer to his application for appointment to the front on his own account, and, joining the 1st Natal Mounted Rifles, he was given a company and a boat in the River Column. In writing of this incident, remarks that the Army is formed to make all people in one pattern. "We do not rise by the regulations," he says, "but in the face of them." Therefore, in all matters of active service, an officer must not take "No" for an answer. He should stand at the front at all costs. He stands on velvet in the matter. If he succeeds all is well. If he fails and is ordered down he



ELEGANT COSTUME OF WHITE AND STRING-COLOURED LACE.—The latter lace forms a Princess robe, caught up in graceful drapings at the shoulders, the bodice under a knot of cherry-coloured velvet and black tulle. The robe opens in front over a white lace skirt, with rows of lace insertion and frills of white silk muslin at the hem. The sleeves are transparent.

RECEPTION TOILETTE



THE LATE GENERAL A. CARNEGIE
Indian Mutiny Veteran



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. A. C. HENNESSEY
Died from wounds received in an encounter with
Mahsud raiders



THE LATE CAPTAIN G. L. PAGET
Died from a wound received at Kaapmuiden



THE LATE CAPTAIN GORDON WOOD
Killed near Zeerust

"What can the authorities do? They can't shoot him, worst they can send him back to his regiment and stop his six months, and some choleric old martinet . . . will against the offender's name, 'Keen as mustard—takes his own to be noted for active service if otherwise qualified.'" Lieut. Clin, who was captured when the Boers destroyed the armoured at Chieveley, contributes a most interesting chapter, in which bits of his experience as a prisoner of war at Pretoria.

"The Prolongation of Life"

"THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE," by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D. (Lancet and Windus), is a capital little book, addressed not to sick and unhealthy (whose condition is a matter for medical treatment), but to those who have health and wish to keep it. To these he shows how a pleasant old age may, in all probability, be attained. The writer is by no means a faddist, although, it must be admitted, that one or two of his theories are opposed to accepted theories regarding health. For instance, he does not approve of wearing flannel next the skin. The best wear, he says, is undoubtedly cotton. He advises a calico shirt for summer and flannel for winter wear, but the only really safe material is to have the same material next the skin always, whether it be linen, cotton, or wool. Dr. Dudgeon is a great advocate of games of all sorts, bowls, croquet, archery, and particularly long-exercise combined with amusement. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Cycling he considers a very imperfect exercise.

Moderation in all things is his motto. In eating he thinks the "little and often" principle is wrong, and quotes Abernethy to prove his contention. An exceedingly well-written prologue and epilogue add greatly to the interest, not to say the amusement, of the volume.

Our Portraits

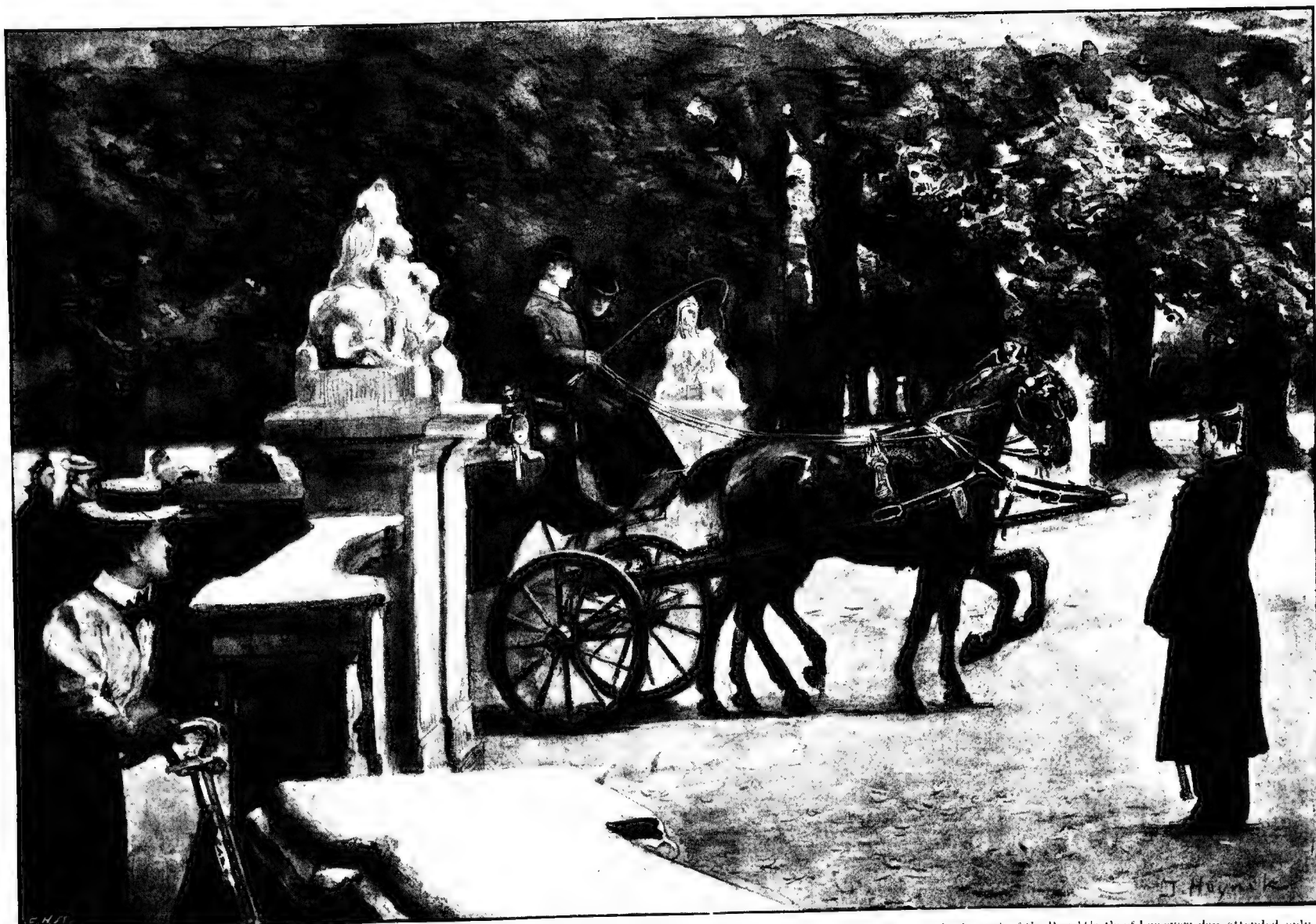
CAPTAIN GORDON E. B. WOOD, who was killed during the attack on Lord Methuen's convoy on October 20, belonged to the 5th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry (Shropshire Company). Lord Methuen, as stated by Lord Roberts in his telegraphic report of the engagement, described Captain Wood as "a splendid officer." He had been dangerously wounded during the attack on the convoy, and was shot through the heart while his commanding officer and three others were carrying him to the rear.

Second Lieutenant J. A. C. Hennessey, 45th Bengal Infantry, who was mortally wounded by the Mahsud Waziris on the 23rd ult., near Jandola, on the Indian frontier, and died the same day, was the only son of Mr. J. B. N. Hennessey, C.I.E., and was educated at Dulwich College. He was appointed to the army from Sandhurst as second lieutenant in July, 1898, and after a year's service in India with the Royal West Surrey Regiment was admitted to the Indian Staff Corps.

Captain George Leigh Paget, Rifle Brigade, accompanied the

relief party from Vlakfontein garrison which was recently ambushed by the Boers while going to ascertain the nature of the damage caused by the railway accident at Kaapmuiden. He was dangerously wounded and died shortly afterwards. He had seen nine years' service. Our portrait is by John Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.

General Alexander Carnegie, C.B., late commanding the Northern Division of the Bombay Army, entered the Army in 1843, and saw considerable active service in India. He was present at the disarming of the 5th Company, 4th Battalion Native Artillery at Haidarabad on September 9, 1857. At the siege of Kotah he served with the Rajputana Field Force under Major-General Roberts as brigade major to the second infantry brigade, and on March 30, 1858, he was with the leading column of assault on the town and fortress under Brigadier Parke. General Carnegie was actively employed with the brigade in the pursuit of the Gwahar rebels under Tantia Toppe through Maywar until September of the same year, when he was appointed assistant adjutant-general to the division, and he served as such with the force under Brigadier Honner at the action of Koos Hanna on February 15, 1859, being mentioned in despatches for "conspicuous and forward gallantry." He also took part in the subsequent pursuit of the rebels under the Rao Sahib and Feroze Shah, and he received the medal with clasp for Central India and the brevet of major. General Carnegie was provisional Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army in 1887. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



A Correspondent writes: "During the visit of Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to the Queen of Holland the Royal couple have ridden or driven out in the park of the Royal Castle of Loo every day, attended only by one aide-de-camp and one lady. The Duke drives himself and the Queen sits beside him."

THE BETROTHAL OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: HER MAJESTY DRIVING OUT WITH DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY J. HOYNCK

"From the Cape to Cairo"

"I MUST say I envy you," says Mr. Cecil Rhodes to one of the authors of this remarkable book, "for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer, namely, to walk through Africa from south to north. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing that which the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish. There is a distinct humour in the whole thing. It makes me the more certain that we shall complete the telegraph and railway, for surely I am not going to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate." The writer himself tells us that his old ambition to slay a lion, a rhinoceros, and an elephant, and to see Tanganyika, which crystallised with years into a desire to be the first to traverse Africa from end to end. How this ambition was realised the volume tells in delightful fashion, and if it dwells too much on the sporting aspect of things one has



ELEPHANT ALARMED ON THE MOVE
From "From the Cape to Cairo."
(Hurst and Blackett)

to remember his introductory apology: "Were it not for the big game shooting, for no earthly consideration would I put my foot one mile south of the Pyramids." The book is so admirable in many ways, and so important in being the first record of the trans-continental journey, that one could wish at times that the writer had been as much interested in some one other subject as a sport, while it is written at times with a slangy exuberance which seems hardly worthy of the subject; but these are slight blots, after all, on a monumental achievement. Before actually starting, the travellers spent a short time big game shooting in the Pungwe district, and there is a very amusing account of the author's first expedition after lion. He had followed up two or three, and his native boy had located them under a tree distant three hundred yards:—

With loving care I loaded the double '500 magnum, and crept cautiously in the direction indicated; when I had advanced about 200 yards two heads suddenly appeared above the intervening grass, and to my mad joy I dropped them with a right and left. At the same instant I saw a body dash past the scrub on the ant-hill where they had been lying, and, popping in another double-barrel, he spun round and came rolling down the slope, a loathsome, mangy hyena, ye gods! Never shall I forget that moment! Then a fourth dashed past, and, mad with rage, I spoiled his sedentary capabilities as he dashed into the grass. Then I sat down on that ant-hill and looked at them lying there my three lionesses in the disguise of disgusting grinning hyenas, while the tears coursed slowly down my cheeks.

He did, however, shoot one young lion later in the day, while, subsequently, the number which fell to his gun seem innumerable. The fascination of lion-shooting seems to have grown rather than palled on the travellers, and in a country swarming with lions they must have had royal sport; but one does get a little tired in the long run of the record of shooting day after day. On one occasion, though, Mr. Sharp, after shooting a lioness, succeeded in bringing back to camp "five small rolls of fur and ferocity slung on poles," and three of these many of us have seen in the Zoological Society's Gardens. In another place Mr. Grogan gives an interesting account of the tenacity of life of certain animals. A lion may be killed outright at one shot, but not so an elephant, hippopotamus, or buffalo. As an illustration of this, they once saw a hippo apparently dead:—

On walking up to within fifteen yards he winked the other eye in a dreamy sort of way, making no effort to move, so I closed it again with a solid from the '303. At this he rose in deep amaze, and Mahony knocked him down with the '500. This, however, was obviously only temporary, so we climbed round him, and

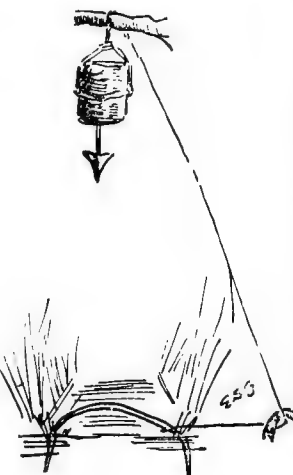
"From the Cape to Cairo." By E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp. Illustrated by A. D. McCormick. (Hurst and Blackett)

commenced an anatomical research, placing bullets where we found convenient, but it was only after placing three shots through his brain that he gave up the ghost. We then sat down while his head was removed, so that, in case he chose to move on we should have what we wanted left. This shows the astounding tenacity of life of these pachyderms; two solid bullets passing through his brain transversely only made his nose water, but the third, fired from behind, through the back of the head, killed him instantly.

The first time the writer was charged by a wounded lion increased

his respect vastly for the king of beasts, and he was "amazed at the incredible rapidity of their movements," for this particular beast, with three well-placed shots in him, came on still, and only dropped when three yards distant. One of the things which strikes one most is the vast quantities of big game remaining. The opening up of Uganda has taught us that lions are still plentiful, but one was not prepared to read that hippos remained in such numbers. The most gruesome description, by the way, is that in which is pictured the way in which crocodiles came out of the river and devoured two dead hippopotamus, "tearing vast blocks of hide like brown paper." There is very little about snakes in the book, though Mr. Grogan once came unpleasantly near a huge python, while there is a quaint account of the way in which a snake-bitten native was treated:—

During lunch a native rushed in saying that he had been bitten by a night adder, one of the most deadly snakes in Africa. I promptly collared him by the arm, stopped the circulation with some string, slit his finger crosswise with my pocket-knife, exploded some gunpowder in the cut, while Dodson administered repeated subcutaneous injections of permanganate of potash. Meanwhile the arm, chest, and left side swelled to the most appalling proportions. Cavendish then appeared on the scene with a bottle of whisky, three-



A bamboo bent towards the game path with a string fastened to the ground, where it lies in a running noose. Figs and other small quadrupeds are thus caught.

AN ELEPHANT TRAP

A bamboo bent towards the game path with a string fastened to the ground, where it lies in a running noose. Figs and other small quadrupeds are thus caught.

A TRAP FOR SMALL QUADRUPEDS

parts of which we poured down his throat; then we told off three strong men to run him round the camp till he subsided like a log into a drunken stupor. The following morning he was still alive, but the swelling was enormous, and the colour of his nails indicated incipient gangrene. Not knowing what else to do we put a pot on the fire, and made a very strong solution of the permanganate which we kept gently simmering, while six stalwart niggers forced the unfortunate's hand in and out. His yells were fearful, but the cure was complete; the swelling rapidly subsided, the nails resumed their normal colour, and the following morning, with the exception of the loss of the skin of his hand, he was comparatively well.

One has some respect after this for a native's constitution, but it is noteworthy to find the writer's low opinion of natives as hunters or companions when hunting. After recounting how one boy, with unparalleled stupidity, scared away the game he had so carefully tracked, he adds:—

The offending native was an ordinary type of the creatures depicted in books as wonderful hunters and trackers. Personally I have never found a native of Africa who was anything but an

abominable nuisance out hunting, and after many trials I strictly controlled hunting attendants to one or two gun-bearers whom I trained to act in a definite set of signs, and never used them for any purpose except to follow obvious spoor when I wanted to rest my eyes; even then they needed leading or they would go wrong. The bushmen are, of course, an exception to



This shows a favourite native way of killing elephants. A spear, heavily weighted, is dropped on the animal's head.

A BALEGGA WAITING FOR AN ELEPHANT
From "From the Cape to Cairo." (Hurst and Blackett)

abominable nuisance out hunting, and after many trials I strictly controlled hunting attendants to one or two gun-bearers whom I trained to act in a definite set of signs, and never used them for any purpose except to follow obvious spoor when I wanted to rest my eyes; even then they needed leading or they would go wrong. The bushmen are, of course, an exception to

This book is mainly a series of thrilling anecdotes of sporting adventure, in which one is lost in admiration of the coolness and resource of the hunters without whom they would have been in sorry case times without end. But to turn from sport for a moment we get a most interesting glimpse of the work being done in laying the telegraph across the continent. The line had just been opened to Karonga from Salisbury, and, so Mr. Grogan.

It was instructive to mark the characteristic distinction of Mr. Rhodes's telegraph expedition and the expedition of the Belgians. On the one hand was an unassuming of men (without a single armed man), whose very existence easily have been overlooked by the casual passer-by. Yet they lay many hundreds of miles of perfected work that bore far interior of Africa within a minute of Cape Town; before stretched an arrow-like clearing to Tanganyika (two hundred long) waiting for the transport service to bring poles and Quiet men, rotten with fever, were being carried to a inspecting, measuring, and trenching. Above their base a diminutive Union Jack; no pomp, no fuss, not even a yet all worked like clockwork. On the other hand, camp thundering with the tramp of armed men, unimpaired from the perpetual blare of bugles, a very wilderness of gorgeous and fussy Belgians strutting about in uniforms, and gesticulating, with a few sad-visaged Englishmen doing the piles and piles of loads—and ever those bugles. It resembled triumphant march of an army through the land, and the have been appalling. Yet months after they had eventually at Mtwara nothing had been accomplished. The petty jealousy of officials proved an impenetrable barrier, and now, if any, been accomplished, the wire has been merely slung on trees. As to the latest reports, there had been trouble with the natives, whole expedition had been broken up, with the loss of most plant. There is undoubtedly a quiet something about the Angl that gets there somehow.

In the neighbourhood of Tanganyika, on the Rusizi, found elephants, and there is a curious account of a ing with them which sets at variance all one's precon ideas:—

They had stopped and were standing round a clump of eup Taking a detour to catch the wind, I approached them, a hand, and with one boy carrying the '303 behind me, the absolutely no cover, but to my astonishment they took n slightest notice of me, and gathering confidence from this, I went close and inspected them. There were twenty-nine in all, some of which, however, had enormously long, thin Taking care to avoid any sudden movements which would be attract their attention, I passed to leeward of them, so close to that I could have touched them with my rifle.

Two of our illustrations shows means which native employ for killing elephants. The Pigmies in particular seem to fill the forest with traps such as those shown. That elephants do not always permit such easy shooting as detailed above, is illustrated by the following extra-



This ceremony was necessary before a deal could be done in ivory. Mr. Grogan had a proxy, who ate the piece of raw meat smeared with blood, this forming the principal rite in the ceremony. Each party has to devour a piece of meat smeared with blood drawn from an incision on the chest of the other.

MAKING BLOOD BROTHERHOOD

From "From the Cape to Cairo." (Hurst and Blackett)

describing how the writer pursued a wounded beast and suddenly realised that so far from moving off he was coming on:—

I was powerless to move—a fall would have been fatal—so waited; but the beast was so dense that I never saw him till his head was literally above me, on I fired both barrels of the double '500 magnum that I was carrying in his direction. The whole forest seemed to crumple up, and a second later I found myself lying flat on the ground, well home in a thorn bush, while my gun was lying a yard away in the opposite direction, and I heard a roar as of thunder disappearing into the distance. A few seconds later the most daring of my boys, who came hurrying along with that sickly green hue which a nigger's face assumes in moments of fear, and, with his assistance, I descended from my perch. I was drenched with blood, which fortunately proved to be not my own, but that of the elephant; my gun, which I recovered, was also covered with his blood, even to the inside of the barrels. The only damage I sustained was a slightly twisted knee. I cannot say whether the elephant actually struck me, or whether I was carried there by the rush of the country.

The plucky hunter followed him up once more and got another shot, but, despite all his efforts, the elephant escaped eventually. One of the most dramatic chapters in the whole book describes the visit to the Mushari country with its cannibals. He had been strongly advised not to go, but pluckily persisted, and when the Balaka came out to capture and eat them in the pleasant manner in which they ravage in this country, "turned on the '303 and howled over half a dozen before they could get over their surprise."

We then hurried on to the huts from which we had seen these people come, but they were too quick for us, and I only got some long shooting. A cloud of vultures hovering over the spot gave me an inkling of what I was about to see, but the realisation defies description; it haunts me in my dreams, at dinner it sits on my leg of mutton, it bubbles in my soup, in fine, Watonga would not eat the potatoes that grew in the same country and went without food for forty-eight hours rather than do so; ask your African friends what that means; buck niggers have not delicate stomachs. Loathsome, revolting, a hideous nightmare of horrors

A hideous catalogue of what Mr. Grogan truly calls "revolting details" here follows, but, out of regard for our readers, we omit the items.

Every village had been burnt to the ground, and as I fled from the country I saw skeletons, skeletons everywhere; and such postures, what tales of horror they told! Let this suffice, worse than all this I saw, and that I have not exaggerated one jot or tittle may God bear me witness! I would not have entered into these revolting details, but that I think it advisable that those who have not the chance of seeing for themselves should know what is going on every day in this country.

Mr. Grogan has no words too strong for Belgian exploitation, even as he has no praise too high for the work done in the Ujiji district by German colonists. Here is his picture of the Congo country:—

Chaos, hopeless abysmal chaos, from Mweru to the Nile; in the south tales of cruelty of undoubted veracity, but which I could not repeat without actual investigation on the spot; on Tanganyika absolute impotence, revolted Askaris ranging at their own sweet will, while the white men are throwing their ivory and cartridges into the lake, and cutting down their bananas for fear the rebels should take them; on Kivu a hideous wave of cannibalism raging unchecked through the land, while in the north the very white men who should be keeping peace where chaos now reigns supreme, are spending thousands in making of peace a chaos of their own. I have no hesitation in condemning the whole State as a vampire growth intended to suck the country dry, and to provide a happy hunting-ground for a pack of insolent outcasts and untutored scoundrels. The few sound men in the country are powerless to stem the tide of oppression.

One great mistake and source of weakness is the Belgian method of treating their natives. They are too familiar with them, and then when, as the inevitable result, the natives become impertinent, they are brutally severe. In treating natives it is indispensable to emphasize the distinction between black and white, yet, at the same time to let the native see that you respect him in his own line but take your own absolute superiority for granted. Very curious and interesting is the chapter devoted to native questions, in which some of the subtleties of negro character are explained. The African native has no real sense of the value of money, and if he is in the mood for work will toil as readily for three pounds as three shillings, but if he has once been paid a certain sum for labour he will never work for less, but will sooner starve; and a very amusing instance is given of a native who would not sell some fowls for eighteen pence each because he had heard that a friend had been paid two shillings. He walked a hundred and thirty miles to try and get the higher price, and still being only offered one and sixpence tramped home again with the birds. The volume is profusely and well illustrated, and contains excellent maps and an index.



After shooting two or three the others ran away, and Mr. Grogan entered the huts from which the natives had come and saw all the horrors described in the passage quoted above

MR. GROGAN AND HIS PARTY ENCOUNTER CANNIBALS IN THE CONGO FREE STATE
From "From the Cape to Cairo." (Hurst and Blackett)

The Christmas Bookshelf

WAR PICTURES

THE great struggle in South Africa has left its mark on Christmas literature as on everything else in this year of grace 1900. Not the most exciting campaign of past history can compare with the living interest of the war which has touched every English heart and home, and writers of boys' books are quick to feel the public pulse. Indeed, sword and pen have gone hand in hand in one instance, for, though actually on duty at the front, Captain F. S. Brereton has found time to put together a capital tale of the Boer War, "With Rifle and Bayonet" (Blackie). Practical experience enables the author to give a very realistic view of his subject, and with so many true examples of British pluck and heroism recently to hand the exploits of his boy-hero hardly seem exaggerated.—Mr. G. A. Henty makes his "With Buller in Natal" (Blackie) thoroughly life-like. His hero forms a band of boy-volunteers, who perform prodigies of valour as scouts, and show that superior knowledge to their seniors which invariably distinguishes Mr. Henty's gallant lads.—At a time, too, when our troops in China have shared popular interest with the soldiers in Africa there is a special fitness in depicting afresh a British hero who played his part in both countries. "The Life of General Gordon" (Blackie), by M. A. Sygne, is a very simple record of a great career, but it tells the tale well and attractively.—Yet one more gallant soldier's portrait—that of Sir John Moore—is graphically drawn in the pages of Miss Agnes Giberne's "Roy" (C. A. Pearson). Miss Giberne may be congratulated on a very delightful story of the early years of this century, when "Boney" was scaring timid English folk, her descriptions of the English prisoners in France being particularly good.—Back through the ages we pass to the days of King Alfred for a pleasant picture of old English life and the conflict between Dane and Saxon in "Keepers of England" (National Society), by Mary H. Debenham.—Older still is the date of "A Story of Ancient Wales" (National Society), as H. Elrington deals with the times when the Romans ruled in Britain and the Cymri were struggling for independence.

ADVENTURE IN FLOOD AND FIELD

It is refreshing to get out of the ordinary groove in such a book as "A Forest Officer" (Methuen). Most fresh and original are the pictures of Indian native life, with its quaint customs and superstitions, set in a wild background of hill and jungle by Mrs. Frank Penny. Evidently the authoress has a thorough knowledge of country and people, and the little touches of nature make her sketches delightful reading.—Adventure pure and simple is the theme of "The Blessing of Esau" (Sampson Low), wherein Mr. Frank Savile has a rousing story to tell of one of those mysterious Balkan States which furnish such opportunities for war, intrigue, and romantic love. Mr. Walter Wright has not been so successful in working up the interest of "An Ocean Adventurer" (Blackie), for most people are tired by now of the hunt for treasure hidden in some mysterious city. Still, plenty of excitement is provided, and the sea-fights aided by the most deadly inventions in war-material prove exceedingly entertaining.—Mr. George Manville Fenn, cheery and interesting as ever, works on well-worn lines in "Uncle Bart" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), nevertheless his pages are full of fun and frolic aboard ship, besides a good dose of fighting and other exciting events which good boys suffering for the bad boys, flavoured with a strong essence of treachery, make a savoury dish in "The Story of a School Conspiracy" (Chambers), by Andrew Home; while another school story, "Jones the Mysterious" (Blackie), is decidedly out of the common, thanks to the mysterious power of vanishing possessed by the little Anglo-Indian hero so brightly described by Charles Edwardes.

Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon"

LORD ROSEBERY in his "Napoleon: the Last Phase" (published by A. J. Humphreys,) has produced a remarkable work, and one of the cleverest, most carefully-thought-out introspective studies of Napoleon—Napoleon the Man—that the world has as yet seen. The treatment to which our unfortunate prisoner of war at St. Helena was subjected was a disgrace to every individual, to every nation concerned, and most of all to England and the officials who were responsible for his safe custody. Lord Rosebery, in speaking of the records published of this "last phase" of Napoleon's existence, says:—

Were it possible we would ignore all this literature, as it is peculiarly painful for an Englishman to read. He must regret that his Government ever undertook the custody of Napoleon, and he must regret still more that the duty should have been discharged in a spirit so ignoble and through agents so unfortunate. If St. Helena recalls painful memories to the French, much more poignant are those that it excites among ourselves.

After carefully reviewing the works of Las Cases, Antommarchi, Warden, and others who lived in close contact with Napoleon at St. Helena, the writer sums them up as being, in the greater part, if not wholly, unreliable. The one exception he makes is in respect to the diary, published two years ago, of Gourgard.

But the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena (he writes) is the private journal of Gourgard, written, in the main at least, for his own eye and conscience alone, without flattery or even prejudice, almost brutal in its raw realism. He alone of all the chroniclers strove to be accurate, and, on the whole, succeeded. For no man would willingly draw such a portrait of himself as Gourgard has page by page delineated. He takes, indeed, the greatest pains to prove that no more capricious, cantankerous, sullen, and impossible a being than himself has ever existed.

That the Government showed a want of magnanimity, to say nothing of a want of dignity, in their treatment of their illustrious prisoner no one who has read Lord Rosebery's book can deny. In the first instance no greater mistake could have been made than the selection of the utterly tactless and petty-minded Sir Hudson Lowe for the delicate and invidious post of Governor of St. Helena.

The Duke of Wellington, Admiral Malcom, Sir Walter Scott, all agree that he was, and to quote the Duke, "a very bad choice." He heaped all kinds of petty insult and indignity upon the head of his luckless prisoner, added to which he quarrelled with everybody.

The Government had ordained that Napoleon should be known as General Bonaparte, and treated with the same honours "as a British General not in employ." Lowe carried out his instructions with scrupulous fidelity. Hobhouse sent his book on the Hundred Days to Napoleon, writing inside it "Imperator Napoleon!" "This," says Lord Rosebery, "though the inscription after all in strictness meant 'To General Napoleon,' the conscientious Lowe sequestered." On another occasion a Mr. Elphinstone sent some chessmen from China. Lowe made difficulties about forwarding these because they bore N. and a crown.

"It seems humiliating to be obliged to add that this pettiness survived even Napoleon himself. On the Emperor's coffin-plate his followers desired to place the simple inscription 'Napoleon' and the date and place of his birth and death. Sir Hudson refused to sanction this unless 'Bonaparte' were added. But the Emperor's suite felt themselves unable to agree to the style which their master had declined to accept. So there was no name on the coffin. It seems incredible, but it is true."

But enough of these officials and their petty tyrannies. We must pass on to those more interesting chapters in which the author treats of Napoleon himself. "No picture of St. Helena at this time," he writes, "can be complete without at least a sketch of the central figure." As to his habitation, Longwood itself was a collection of huts which had been constructed as a cattle shed. It was swept by an eternal wind, and was shadeless and damp, and, moreover, was overrun with rats. "Lowe himself can say no good of it, and may have felt the strange play of fortune by which he was allotted the one delightful residence on the island with twelve thousand a year, while Napoleon was living in an old cowhouse on eight." The utmost state was kept up indoors and out, and the small Court was chivalrously sedulous to observe the strictest forms to their dethroned Emperor. He was a great reader, and the one pleasure of his life was an arrival of books. At one time he rarely left the house; he hated the signs of prison, the sentries, the orderly officer, and chance of meeting Lowe. Towards the end of his life his main interest was in his garden, and with his own hand would dig with restless energy. But "what strikes one most in his habits is the weariness, the futility of it all."

There is no more interesting chapter in this remarkable work than that entitled "The Supreme Regrets" in which we read, in Napoleon's own words, of his past mistakes, of his past ambitions:—

He seems to concentrate (says Lord Rosebery) the main regrets of his solitude on three capital points: that he could not have died at some supreme moment of his career; that he left Egypt and gave up his Eastern ambitions, and, of course, Waterloo.

He discusses the greatest moment of his life and the happiest, but over and over again he refers to his regret at having left Egypt. His ambition, he declared, was to be Emperor of the East:—

He reveals his secret aim in a laconic sentence: "France, mistress of Egypt, would be mistress of India." And again: "The master of Egypt is the master of India." And again: "Egypt, once in possession of France, farewell India to the British. This is one of the grand projects I aimed at."

Finally, it is interesting to learn Napoleon's opinion of the English.

Sometimes he glibbed, not unreasonably (says Lord Rosebery) at the nation which had been his most persistent enemy, and which had accepted the invidious charge of his custody. But once he paid them a noble tribute. He begins quaintly enough: "The English character is superior to ours. Conceive Romilly, one of the leaders of a great party, committing suicide at fifty because he had lost his wife. They are in everything more practical than we are; they emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. They are also braver than we are. I think one can say that in courage they are to us what we are to the Russians, what the Russians are to the Germans, what the Germans are to the Italians!" And then he adds: "Had I had an English army, I should have conquered the universe, for I could have gone all over the world without demoralising my troops."



Miss Kate M. Hall, the curator of the Whitechapel Free Library and Museum, has lately shown to the Board School children of Whitechapel some interesting demonstrations at the museum of working

bees. An observatory hive, invented and made by Mr. James Lee, was used to show the bees at work.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE IN WHITECHAPEL: AN EXHIBITION OF LIVING BEES

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Bees in Whitechapel

"PLEASE, can you tell me where the bees are?"

"Bees, my dear? Bees in Whitechapel?" and the visitor looked incredulously at the shabby little girl who had stopped him at the doorway of the Whitechapel Free Library. "Who told you there were bees here?"

"My sister told me. She came with her teacher and a lot of other girls;" and then, with growing confidence, "and she says there's a queen bee who lays eggs, and 'as maids to wait 'er, and fights the other queens until she kills them all."

Inquiries led to the discovery that there had been an exhibition hive in the museum upstairs, and that the curator had been giving object-lessons to children from the Board schools. But the series was over, and the hive, to the child's bitter disappointment, was no longer there. She was only one of many youngsters who had lately made the same fruitless errand—for the exhibition of "Living Bees in an Observatory Hive," novel as a breath of fresh air to the pale-faced children of the East End, had been talked about for weeks afterwards.

Nearly 2,000 children in all were able to attend the exhibition. They came from twenty-two elementary schools in East London, in parties of from thirty to fifty at a time, accompanied by their teachers. In half an hour they knew all about the honey bee and the working hive, for the curator, Miss Hall, who originated the idea a year ago, had little difficulty in making them understand with the real things before them. An ingenious observatory hive was used for the purpose, and the children, after the curator's address, marched past, two and two at a time, to see the bees at work. The queen—to the keen delight of the onlookers—was gracious enough to show herself on almost every occasion, and the other bees were too busy sipping their syrup from between two plates of glass to notice them. This feeding arrangement was a clever invention, which enabled the observer not only to watch the action of the bee's tongue when fully extended, but to measure the organ and examine every movement under a magnifying glass, or, if necessary, with a

microscope. That, of course, was the exciting part of the exhibition, and the children were delighted with it—especially those who were lucky enough to get a taste of the honey. No wonder they want to see the bees again.

The museum itself, though little known, is peculiarly interesting. There is nothing like it at any other London free library, and it enjoys the additional distinction, it is said, of being the only museum in the metropolis which has never been closed on Sunday. The collection exhibited consists, for the most part, of natural history specimens, the gift of the Rev. Dan Greatorex, Vicar of St. Paul's, Dock Road, Whitechapel. These have been very instructively arranged so as to illustrate the outlines of the story of the earth's structure, and of the animal and vegetable life upon it. The Greatorex collection also includes specimens of savage weapons and other objects of antiquarian value. The Hon. Walter Rothschild has given an interesting collection of British birds, and there is a collection of Egyptian antiquities, which, for its size, is very representative—the gift of Mr. F. D. Mocatta. During the season exhibited to flowers, ferns, mosses, fungi and the like, are held, and popular science lectures are given every month from October to June. Another valuable feature of the museum, from the educational point of view, is that teachers are able to take their classes there and illustrate any special course of lessons given in the higher standards in zoology, physiology, botany, geology and anthropology, as well as the object-lessons given in the lower standards. Teachers send in a list of the proposed lessons, and the curator draws up a syllabus of demonstrations to be given weekly in the museum, the courses usually lasting from four to eight weeks. Object-lessons are too often given from pictures only, and sometimes not even with these; here it is possible to show the real thing. The result is that the small collection in the museum of the Whitechapel Free Library is proving of the greatest educational use in the neighbourhood. It would surely be an excellent thing to provide other parts of London with similar institutions. There are difficulties in the way of securing specimens for every school, but a central educational museum in each district might do much to remove these obstacles.

Exhibition Gittings

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE truce of the Exhibition is fast slipping away. The few of prolongation have not had any effect on stemming the rising of political passion. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Toulouse speech, the official announcement that the political season had commenced. The famous Karl, the national practical joker of France, resumed his exploits. After having turned the Nationalists into ridicule with the legendary practical joke on M. Quentin-Bauchepaire, he has turned his attention to the Dreyfus case, tried to mystify M. Joseph Reinach. His victim, however, showed more perspicacity than the ex-President of the Court of Cassation, and Karl's attempt at mystification was this time only an indolent success.

Another sign that the end of the Exhibition is near is the shower of decorations which are being received from every country on the face of the globe. Prince Bismarck used to be said to be the most decorated man in Europe, but even he would not have been a rival M. Picard by the end of the Exhibition. Cordons of the colour of the rainbow, grand crosses, cravates of commanders, and plaques have been raining on him from every side.

And it must be admitted that they are well deserved. For the Exhibition could in any way be described as the work of one man, that man would be Alfred Picard. For five long years he was at the breach night and day. Not the least remarkable part of his work was the judicious choice he made of his collaborators, each of whom seems to have been the right man in the right place. Of course many people who have failed to make money out of the Exhibition fault with him for the exorbitant prices they had to pay for the concessions. This, however, was not the fault of the Committee General. When people were tumbling over each other to see who would offer the highest bid for an Exhibition concession, what was

AT PEOPLE AND FAT FOODS

Whatever be the nature of the food they consume, no rigid amount of physical exercise, no simplicity of diet avails them anything for the time. With the cessation of these causes the fat returns. Abstinence from rich meats and gravies, bacon, is beneficial chiefly because an excess of the food clogs the digestive tract, and is only eliminated by the action of the bowels. The fat of the body is formed by itself by re-accumulation, and the tendency to re-accumulate is not destroyed by scientific treatment. Stout will not do with the greatest interest a "Cure" for "Corpulency and the Cure." Dr. C. E. Russell, who has devoted many years to the study of obesity and its causes, has met with the success in many thousands of cases, a large number of which are described in Mr. Russell's book, "The Fat of the Body," which offers the most reliable and efficient of the treatment. It is not a matter of the efficiency of the treatment, but of the health generally. It is a pleasant, and what is most of all permanent. "I have lost nearly 100 lbs. since I commenced taking it," says one of the compound which the "Russell" treatment, and I cannot tell you how much better I feel, as I am as I wished to be." There are letters in the same strain, with many eulogistic opinions of the treatment, and Mr. Russell gives a list of his beneficial compound. These are vegetable and absolutely innocuous, and the treatment is able to realise a reduction of the population before 24 hours, the loss of weight varying from 10 to 15 lbs. the latter, of course, only in the severest cases. It is impossible in this space even to sum up the useful contents of "Corpulency and the Cure," but sufferers should get the book—the only one on the subject, post free—from F. Russell, 10, W. C. Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Illustrated *Sporting and* *Travel*, October 29, 1900.

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10	4	7	7	5	5	0	0	12	4	11
11	0	5	8	6	5	2	0	13	1	9
12	2	6	11	5	5	3	0	13	1	10
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M. Picard to do? He could not be expected to teach these people their own business, and prove to them that they were offering sums which they could never hope to regain in the seven months the Exhibition was to be open. *Caveat emptor* is the law that governs such transactions all the world over, and I fail to see how an exception is to be made of the Champs de Mars.

M. Picard thus does not regard the closing of the Exhibition with much pleasure, as once its doors are closed writs and summonses are going to rain on him like hail. Hundreds have already been received, and there are hundreds more to come. Everybody with a grievance—and their name is legion—proposes to sue the Commissioner-General. People whose theatres have not paid demand indemnities, restaurants that consider their concessions were too high, people who did not get the promised amount of electric light, stall-holders who complain that rivals were unduly favoured, and a hundred and other persons are about to drag the unfortunate M. Picard before the law courts. If the liquidation is completed before the next Exhibition opens—if there ever is another—the Commissioner-General can regard himself as lucky.

October was certainly the record month of the Exhibition. No such affluence of visitors has been seen since the opening in April. And not the least pleasant feature, as far as the Parisians are concerned, is the fact that the visitors that month and the last weeks of September have belonged to the wealthier classes. Paillard's, Voisin's, the Café Anglais and the Maison d'Or have been crowded nightly with what the Parisians call *des gens chics*.

The New Panels at the Royal Exchange

THE placing of two more "spirit frescoes" in the ambulatory of the Royal Exchange marks a further advance in the great effort of the City of London to do something, at last, which may compare, in a sense, with ancient endeavours admired by the world in the mediæval cities of Italy and Spain. It may not be a deliberate attempt to rival Pisa in the past; still less does it seek to challenge the great scheme at the Panthéon in the present; yet does it mark the first great civic awakening to the claims of art, not only for purposes of decoration, but in order to place before the citizens a painted history of their great and ancient city. The twin works which were uncovered on Tuesday last by the

wives of the donors, attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in full State, were painted, appropriately enough, by Mr. and Mrs.

Ernest Normand—Mr. Normand having selected from still remaining for execution, "The Signing of the Magna Charta" and his wife (better known as Miss Helen) "The Charity of Whittington." It is in point of subject King John should be Richard—and that the Royal pomp of a panted monarch and the determination of the barons, seen in the golden light of afternoon, should strike a stronger note than the snow-scene in which Whittington distributed gifts of food to the starving people. The latter have achieved a considerable measure of success by a novel style of art and method; isolated as they are in their present position they will become more effective still when flanked by the other panels on either side.

The "spirit fresco" process which is employed is said to ensure the permanent colours for many years. A greater advantage is that the London dirt not from but overlying the panels; this is the matter to which attention will have to be given.



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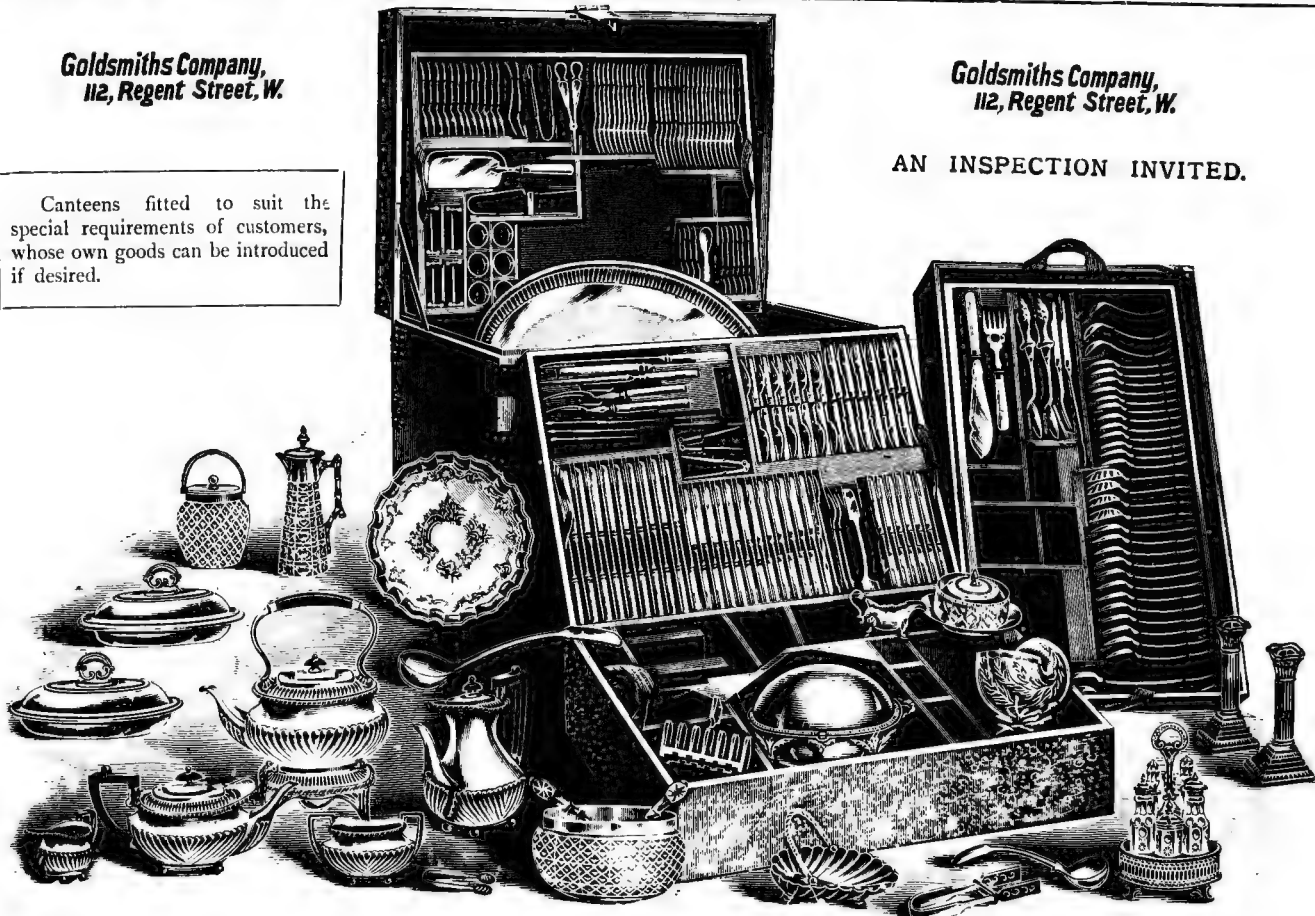
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LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, 50, PMAKERS TO THE QUEEN. PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

The Fallen C.I.V.

WITH the home-coming of the C.I.V. the memories of those who have fallen with such ungrudging sacrifice in the South African Campaign come up, and many schemes for holding vivid deeds of the brave have been suggested. London has already decided how its citizens shall be reminded in future of the C.I.V. A bronze memorial tablet will be placed in the parish church of each member of this regiment whose life has been given, subject to the approval of the incumbents. The Lord Mayor of London commissioned Mr. Frederick Wheeler, F.R.I.B.A., of 6, Staple Inn, London, to prepare a design, which has been approved, and our illustration shows one of these tablets which is being put up in memory of Lieutenant Alt. The whole of the outer portion is of bronze, the inscription being in copper repoussé. The size of the tablet is about 2 ft. 9 in., and our illustration is from a plaster cast. The idea of distributing a simple form of memorial is probably more appropriate than the earlier suggestions in favour of building a big central monument. The tablets are being executed by the Coalbrookdale Co., 141, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

New Novels

"THE SILVER DOVE"

A. C. INCHBOLD'S "The Silver Dove" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a well-written, sympathetic tale, not aiming high, but reaching higher than its aim. Written on temperance lines, it is nevertheless free from the self-defeating elements of aggressiveness and preaching. It is also well up to date, inasmuch as the Ultimatum of last year's October 10th sends off the finest of the characters to South Africa as war correspondent and black-and-white artist; while we trust that a second edition of the tale may be able to wind up with a postscript to tell how his hitherto perverse sweetheart has welcomed the war correspondent home. The main business, however, relates not to this good fellow, Chris Dutton, but to his friend and brother in black-and-white, Cyril Penrose, whose one weakness is the bottle, and whose charming young wife, Violet, has had from her earliest years an almost exaggerated terror at the thought or sight of a drunken man. The combination is certainly unlucky. To conceal Cyril's propensity from Violet is the anxious task of Chris, a task which, in one way and another, leads to all manner of troubles and scandals till the inevitable catastrophe can no longer be deferred. Poor Violet is even driven by her horror to court a long imprisonment for an openly committed larceny in order to escape from the world of her husband and of such as he. Her restoration to sanity, and his reformation to sobriety, are scarcely to be expected; but they are none the less brought to pass in such a manner as to carry complete conviction. The story contains nothing to blame and much to praise.

"IN MALE ATTIRE"

The old but still unworn-out theme of the vanity of vengeance is the sufficiently strong motive of Mr. Joseph Hatton's new novel, "In Male Attire" (Hutchinson and Co.). Zella Brunnen, the most eminent lady athlete of Chicago—or indeed of anywhere since the

days of the original Amazons—and a first-class beauty besides, naturally bestows her heart upon a particularly, though amiably, poor specimen of manhood in the person of a young English journalist named Edmund Glover. Unfortunately she has inspired an overwhelming passion in Hiram Dexter, a sexagenarian millionaire in whose office she earns her living by typewriting. Dexter, under the pretence of making his rival's fortune, sends Edmund to a

lawless mining region in Colorado, there to be murdered, under the colour of a duel, by a hired assassin. How Zella, in male attire, under the name of Philip Grey, deals with the assassin Dexter, as he had dealt with her lover, gives Mr. Hatton an opportunity for some exciting and interesting chapters, of which he takes full advantage. The moral is all the better brought out by being left to the reader's own drawing. It must be owned that after



MEMORIAL TO LIEUTENANT W. B. L. ALT. OF THE C.I.V.

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit; Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character; Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'—THACKERAY.

GENTLENESS AND FORCE.

'Unless man can erect himself above himself, how poor a thing is man!'

'Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.'—SHAKESPEARE.

'Gentleness: the unarmed child.'—EMERSON.

LOVE would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of Statesmen, the impotence of Armies and Navies and lines of defence would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever, and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, on a late Autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity—nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush jelly—by its constant, bold, and inconceivable gentle pushing manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift hard crust on its head? **This is the symbol of the power of kindness.** The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is **obsolete and forgotten.** Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. **This great overgrown dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a love of mankind.** But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal **sunshine.**—Emerson.

O BLESSED HEALTH!

HE WHO HAS THEE has LITTLE MORE to WISH FOR!

THOU ART ABOVE GOLD and TREASURE.

'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee.'—STERNE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGE
SAVING GRACE AT THE GATE OF ANOTHER
LIFE ON THE EVE OF HER EXECUTION.



The Curse of Revenge. Lost to Human Aid.

**'Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will.
And bear it with an honest heart'**

**'Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go! lose or conquer as you can:
But, if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.'**

—THOMSON.

**'O! ever thus from Childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.'**

**'I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it would pass away'**

—AL.

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Health, and the things we love and those who

What higher aim can man attain Than conquest over human
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THE UNION OF SCOTTISH FREE CHURCHES: LEADERS OF THE MOVEMENT

Zella's great fight with Digges—a capital piece of work in its way—her subsequent conduct is puzzling. She was scarcely the sort of young woman to amuse herself with practical jokes, especially under the circumstances.

“RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE”

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey is quite up to her usual mark, and to that of her readers, in "Rue with a Difference" (Macmillan and Co.). The story turns upon the ethics of Engagement. Is a girl justified in breaking off with a *fiancé* whom she does not love, when, having lost all his fortune, he himself insists upon a separation? Pansy Thurston considers herself bound in honour, and sends her ex-millionaire back to Australia to make another million in the belief that he has her heart as well as her constancy. He succeeds; but meanwhile her lack of love has developed into dislike and dread. On his return to claim her he overhears a confidence to the effect that, though she will be true to her promise, it will be at the cost of a ruined life, so, like the good fellow he is, he gives it her back—only to discover that she has been profoundly in love with him all the while. He, having had enough of this blowing hot and cold,

again takes ship for the Antipodes, but, overcome at Port Said by a relenting impulse, returns just in time to save Pansy from impending tuberculosis by a happy marriage.

The New Scottish Church

At the beginning of this month the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland ceased to have a separate existence, and cemented a union which will be known as "The United Free Church of Scotland." The Free Church of Scotland was formed in 1843 as a result of the great "Disruption," when 289 parish ministers resigned their preferments in the Established Church of Scotland to form a separate denomination. The Free Church now counts 1,165 ministers and 1,094 congregations. The United Presbyterian Church was created in 1847 by the union of two bodies—the Secession Church, formed in 1733, and the Relief Church, formed in 1761. It numbers at present 589 churches and 631 ministers, and has over 1,000 missionaries and teachers in Africa and Asia.

The leading men in both Churches have been w-
about this union for years past, but the credit is cl-
Robert Rainy, the Principal of the New College of l-
the leader, for many years, of the Free Church Ge-
Though a staunch supporter of the Church of the l-
Rainy has always held that the differences which
two Christian communities apart, though their w-
are one, were capable of adjustment, and it is
unceasing efforts towards this end that in the last Ge-
the supporters of Union numbered 592, against an G-

Among Dr. Rainy's coadjutors, the Revs. Dr. Wall and Dr. Stalker, of the Free Church, and the Revs. and Dr. Kennedy, of the United Presbyterian Church, contributed to bring about the Union. The laymen have also rendered good service, amongst whom are Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., Mr. C. J. Guthrie, Lord J. Taylor Innes, Mr. Robson, S.S.C., Dr. Ferguson, and Sir William Henderson. Our portraits are by photographers:—Dr. Rainy and Professor Orr by Hill Dr. Walter Ross Taylor and Dr. Kennedy, by Edinburgh; and Dr. Stalker, by Stuart, Buchanan Street.

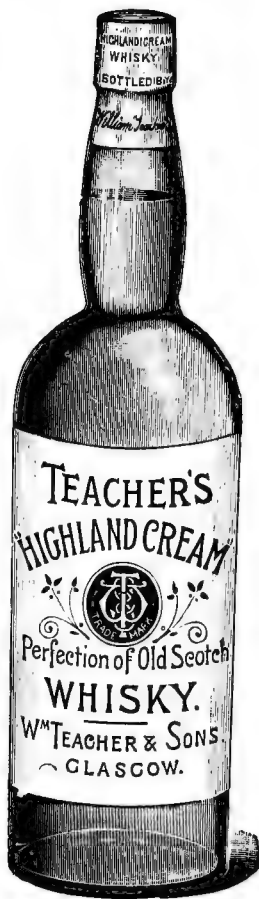


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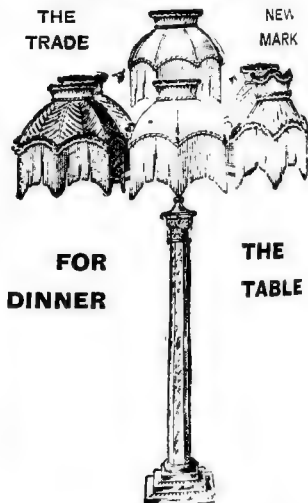
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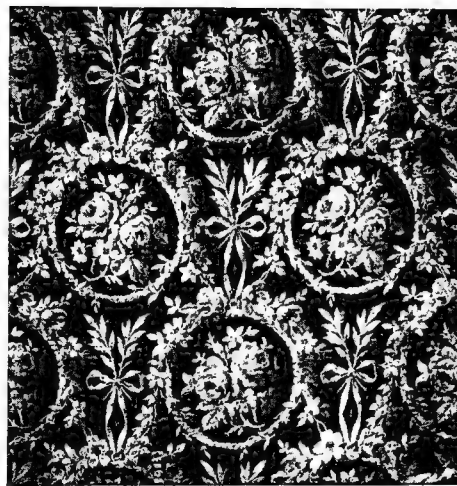
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

FOG set in with regular November density on the 2nd inst., and on the following day the need of artificial light at noon was only too frequent. The temperature has been much above the average for the time of year, and farmers are rejoicing not only that cattle are still out in the fields, but that all farm animals are doing well on a very moderate amount of food. The early-sown wheat and rye is up and looks healthy, and the warm state of the air will help the germination of the wheat sown since the middle of October, a large quantity. The root crops are now being got up and some splendid yields are being recorded. Mangolds are extremely fine, and turnips have done much better than in a season of very moderate rainfall might have been expected. The good, heavy rains of August, followed by a return of veritable summer weather in September, doubtless made the turnip crop what it is. The mild days of later October caused strawberries to ripen in many instances. This ground fruit is, however, noted for its liability to produce a small second crop in a fine autumn. Chestnut trees also are apt to put forth some fresh leaves when late October is fine. The leaves are off most of the deciduous trees, but poplars keep a small amount of bright, golden foliage, and it is very curious to note how leaves persist on the elder. The dahlias of the hardier kind make a good show in the garden, and it is an excellent season for all the chief sorts of chrysanthemums.

HORSES FOR THE ARMY

The recent war experiences in the way of mounts and remounts must not be repeated. The Government have had, roughly speaking, two policies. When pressed to buy at home they have cleared the stables of the omnibus companies of their least eligible hacks, and when bullied over the quality of these Rosinantes they have revenged themselves by placing the next batch of orders in Kentucky and Hungary. Neither of these policies will do, but before the sins of the War Office are effectively brought home to them, farmers must be in a position to show clearly that they can supply the necessary steeds. At present the Hunters' Improvement Society alone are making practical efforts to meet the situation, but, evidently, it is a matter for the farmer rather than the sportsman, though the latter, moved as he is by a patriotic motive, is warmly to be congratulated on his energy in the matter. It has been suggested that 35% should be a fixed price for the horse bought, but probably a little latitude may be found desirable in this respect, that price being the lowest quality accepted, but a specially good horse fetching more. The Government should, in our opinion, distribute their offers between the counties, and should give at least two years' notice of intention to buy at the county town. Were they to do this we should be very surprised if emulation, patriotism and hope of profit combined did not bring to the county centres, from Truro to Newcastle, as many horses as the Government might require.

PIGS

If our readers will accept a "tip" in a very humble branch of country economics, there is likely, we would tell them, to be a

boom in pigs. Swine fever and the harassing visitations of inspectors have so discouraged the breeder that there has been a falling off in the numbers kept and reared. This is a trouble that, of course, of nature cannot be remedied all at once, and so, with a falling demand in 1901, prices seem bound to rise.

BURNING LEAVES

The incense of the garden now goes up from thousands of dead and dying leaves to which the sun has brought alight. The slow bonfire smoulders for days in the garden, and the question should be asked, should they be burnt at all? The greater issue of should they be burnt at all. The answer to which it is urged that they should be burnt. They are nature's provision for marring the trees. They, therefore, should be heaped up round the base of the tree, gradually to rot away, thereby enriching the soil. In the second place they make, when dug into, a splendid mould in which to pot all plants. These leaves, if left to rot, will fall, cover in the pit with its own earth. In November of year one dig a square pit, and put the leaves into it as they fall. At the end of the year, when the leaves have fallen that will fall, cover in the pit with its own earth. In year two repeat this procedure. By the spring of year three the soil, in which all plants will flourish and do well. By this procedure, a sufficient supply of fine soil for potting will be available without cost every May. The labour of digging and then sweeping the leaves in is healthful, and many a man will enjoy doing for himself without aid of any

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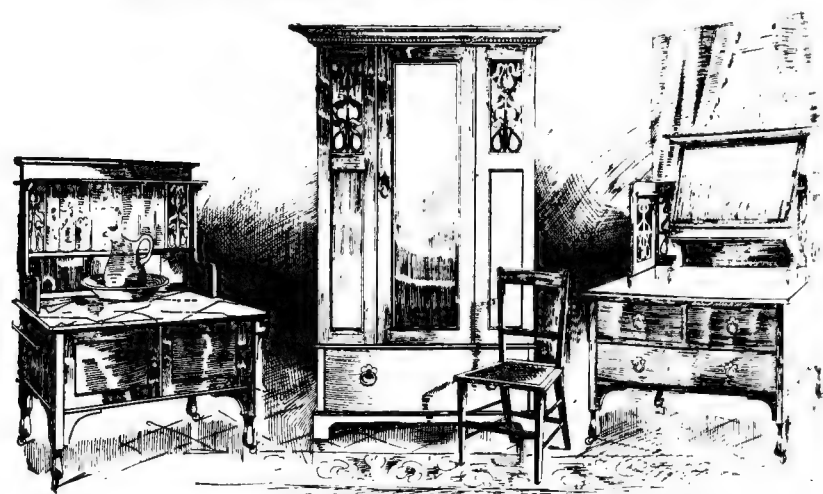
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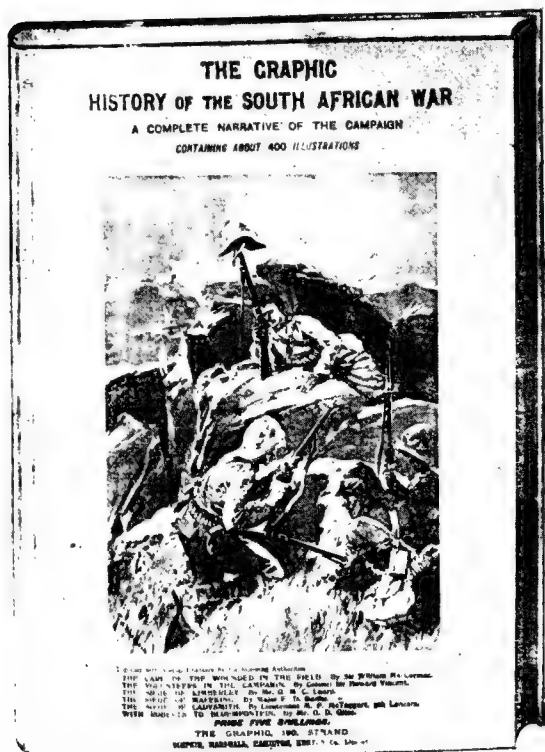
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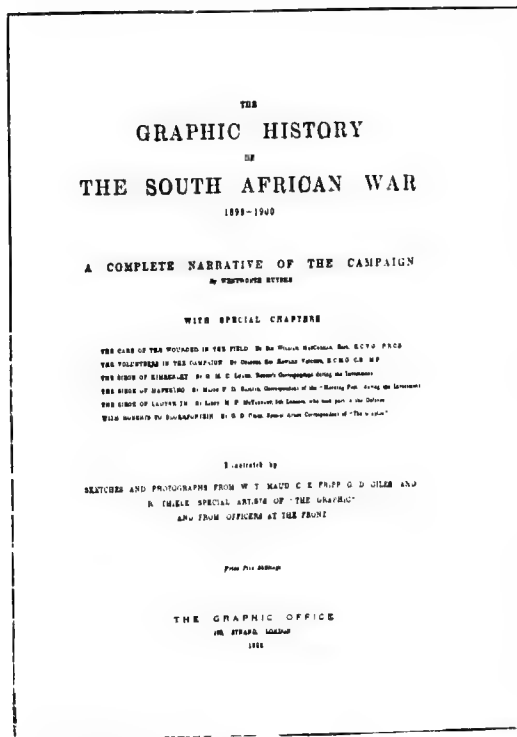
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Music

"PATIENCE" AT THE SAVOY

As *The Pirates of Penzance*, after a successful career, has run its course, and as Sir Arthur Sullivan's new Irish opera is not expected to be ready until after the New Year, Mr. D'Oyly Carte announced on Wednesday a revival of *Patience*. Except as to some performances by touring companies and others in the suburbs, *Patience* has not been heard in London since it was transferred from the Opera Comique to the new Savoy Theatre nineteen years ago, when it had a run which extended to the production in November, 1882, of *Iolanthe*. We cannot, of course, now speak in detail of the revival, which was announced for Wednesday evening. It may, however, be said that, although *Patience* was beyond question originally a skit upon a school of æstheticism which has now been laughed out of society, and therefore has lost much of its point, yet the opera was written when Mr. Gilbert's humour was at his ripest and Sir Arthur Sullivan's melodic muse was in full vigour. Consequently the revival is welcome for its own sake, and we can still

laugh at the contrast presented to the feminine mind between the idyllic poet and the officer of Dragoon Guards. The song of "The Silver Churn," the chorus of the 35th Dragoons, the Colonel's song, "When I first put this uniform on," the chorus of the "Twenty love-sick maidens" who lament

Twenty years hence we shall be
Twenty love-sick maidens still;

and the delightful love ditty, "Prithee, Pretty Maiden," still charm, while the satire of the good young girl who

When she grew up she was given in marriage
To a first-class Earl who keeps his carriage,

is as amusing, and the song of the "Every-day young man" is as ear-haunting, as ever. In the original cast were included George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Lely, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss Fortescue (who then with the Lady Ella had her first speaking part), Miss Alice Barnett, and Miss Leonora Braham. None of them are present members of the company; but their parts are filled by Messrs. Passmore, Lytton, and Evett; Misses Gaston Murray, Fraser, Brandram, and Isabel Jay. The stage production of the revival has been superintended by Mr. Gilbert in person.

The Popular Concert season—the forty-third annual of these concerts—commenced at St. James's Hall on Saturday noon. A week or two hence, Lady Hallé will make a welcome re-appearance, but will only play on two occasions. Quartet leader will, in fact, be frequently changed until after which M. Ysaye and his quartet party from Brussels will take up the work for the rest of the season. The London Concerts began for the season at Queen's Hall on Saturday, the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts started on Wednesday. At Queen's Hall there was a disappointment in the non-appearance of Madame Clara Butt, who was indisposed, but both her place and the programme was mainly composed of the ballads, operatic songs, and instrumental pieces, supplied by eminent artists. The thirtieth season of the Royal Choral Society likewise started this week, *Elijah* being announced on Tuesday. Familiar works will be relied upon until after Christmas. January 24 is promised a repetition under far better conditions than heretofore of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Song of Haver*. On February 20 we are to have for the first time in London Professor Parker's *Ilora Novissima*.

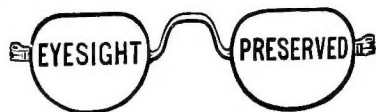
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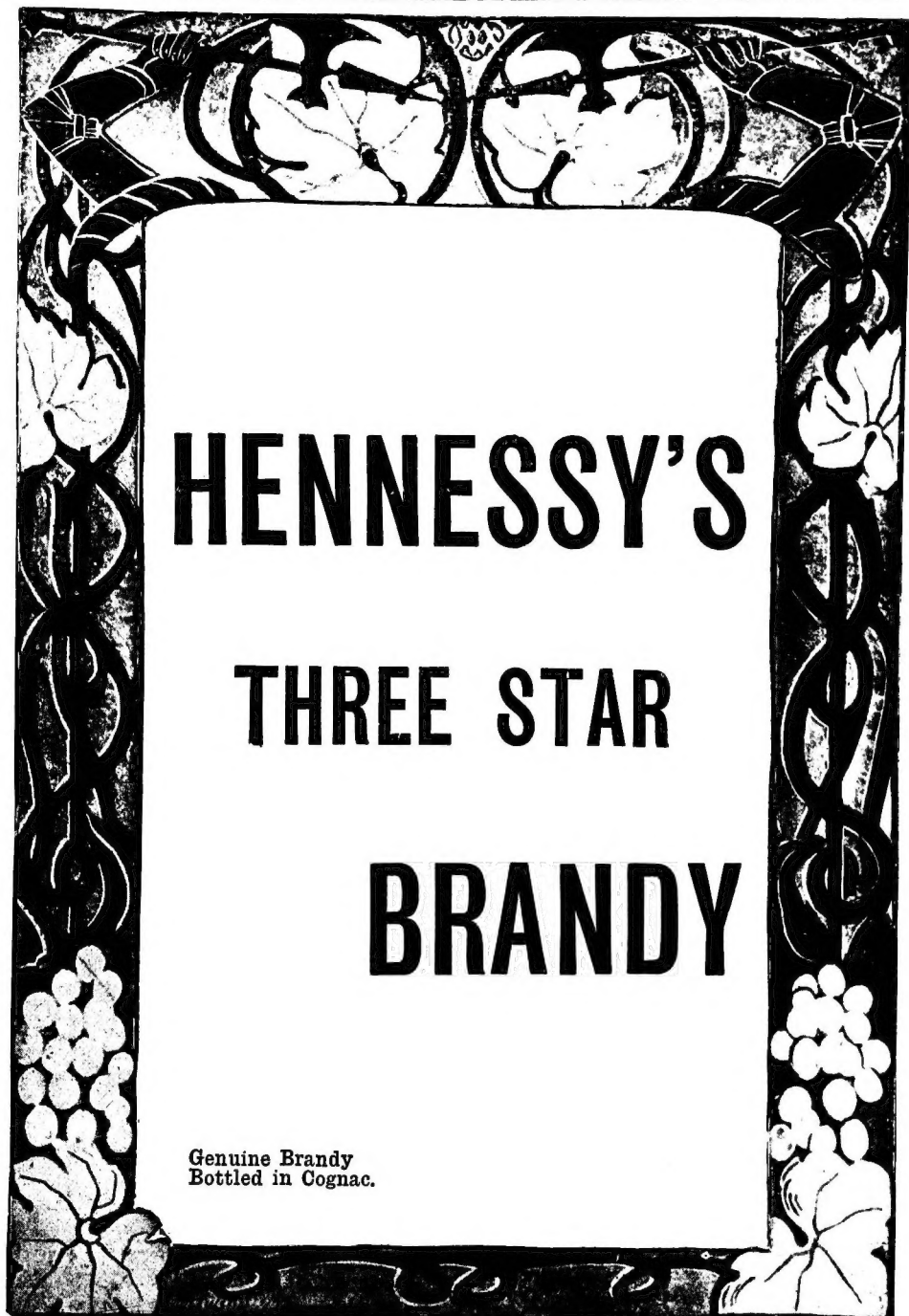
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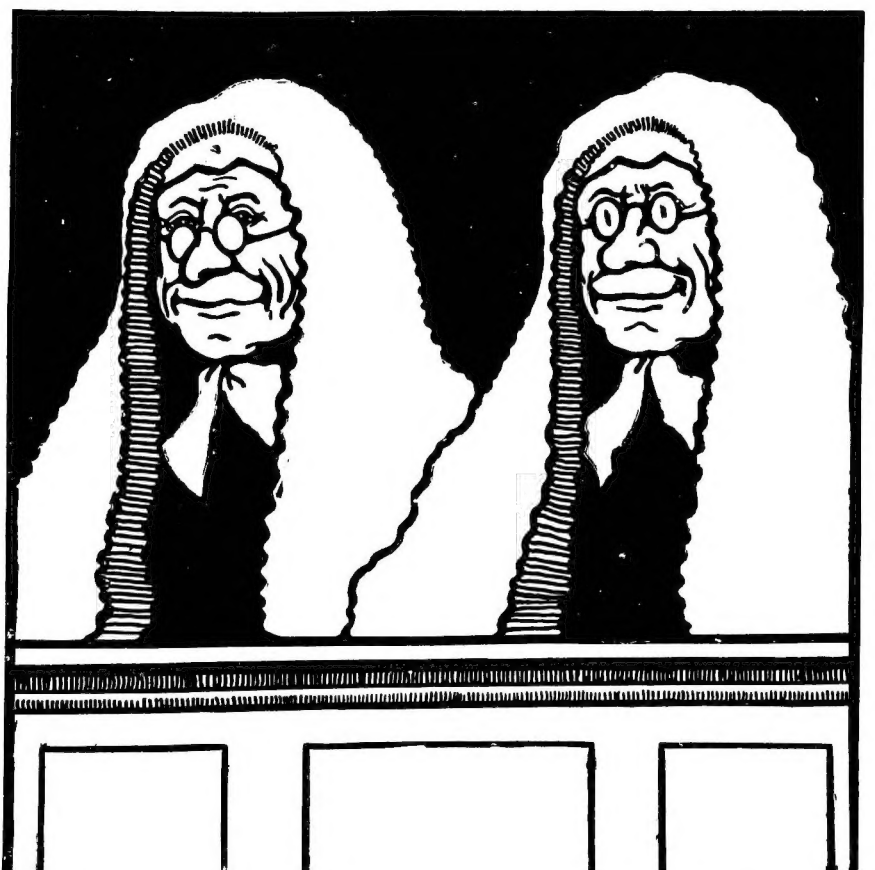
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